



Esquire

FEBRUARY 1976
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This cover illustrates { a. the new James Dickey novel
b. the heartbreak of razor burn
c. the return of the hat

answer on page 67

Heart attack:
How to survive
and play great
tennis

**Nelson
Rockefeller's
niece
sells toilets—
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**The new
Tough Photography:
What is it?**

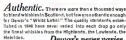
**Why are
airports
so awful?**

**Exclusive:
Travels
through
America
by Harrison
E. Salisbury**

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label."



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¹⁰⁰The Christian Science Monitor.

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Esquire

FEBRUARY, 1976

VOLUME 85 No. 2 WHOLE No. 507

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JEAN STAFFORD

Playing putt golf in the Third Reich

The flap over *Golfing for Cafe* (21. Martin's Press, 22.65) says that Alan Coren, the author, has been hailed as "the funniest writer in Britain today." I don't know much about other writers, but these days, that they have to get up pretty early in the morning to take the title from him. He is one of the funniest writers I have ever read from any country. Moreover, he is possessed of a so-called personable power. If he were not, I would not be crowding him with letters. Indeed, I would not have read him at all, because he begins the second paragraph of his foreword, "Hopefully, *Golfing for Cafe*..." Although not but seventy-nine years in the English-speaking world now, degnately means the word "hopefully" and I have been told to quit bothering about it. I can't see so many editors and critics reacting to this adjectum than my system can handle selfish and pessimistic. But Mr. Coren led me on—perhaps my mind's now caught the scent of a sunny breeze as my mind's eye saw beyond that hateful word. Besides, I was at the third doctor's office where the only reading matter as *Fortune*, *Yachting*, and *Forbes*, and where waiting time, as a rule, is just under three hours.

So I went on, and I am really glad I did.

Alan Coren is an editor of *Punch*, the TV critic for the London Times, writes a weekly column for the *Daily Mail*, and is the reader of St. Andrew's University in Scotland. He was educated at Oxford, Yale and Berkeley and, judging by the looks of him is a photograph and by his previous use of the word of the Times, is a reasonably sure that he is well this side of forty. We can hope for a great deal more from him if he takes care of himself.

Golfing for Cafe, a collection of thirty-one very short pieces, some of them repeated from *Playboys*, lies on the jacket, beneath the title and above the author's name, a large black swastika. "One of the super headlines with which bookshelves are invariably 'welcomed,'" Mr. Coren writes, "is the astonishing intelligence of authors" who, before writing a line, do not take the trouble to

determine what book buyers are keen on and what is "the best weight to go for." With this book, "a new era of inter-literary cooperation, it is not too much to say, may well be dawning. For not only has this book been read together at the optimum size and weight, it also concerns the three most personally popular subjects currently to be found on the bedside tables of the reading public, viz. golf, cats, and the Third Reich." The jacket takes care of all these. "I have been told," he continues, "that even more books about fishing have been sold than books about golf, but *Fishing for Cafe*, comparing up as it did the virtues of someone leaving over a bridge with a mouse on the



and of a string, stretched, I felt, antiquity is an intolerable limit."

From an interview with *Winkie the Pooh* (who "is sixty-two, but looks far older. His eyes dimple and he smiles from terminal teeth"), we learn what life was really like in the early days at Pooh Corner. The poor old coozer reads about the opening line of the book. "Here at Edward Bear, coming downstairs now, bump, bump, bump, on the back of his hand." It is, as far as he knows, the only way of coming downstairs.

"He looked at me. 'The best it was' he muttered. 'You think I didn't want to walk down, like normal people?' But what chance did I stand? Every morning, it was the same story, this best comes in and grinds me and next thing I know the old snail is bounding up the heavy steps." And at night, "You want to know what it was like when the

Milnes hit the sack and I got checked in the lap cupboard? ... I it was 'Hello, sister!' and 'Gone on a loss, What?' ... not to mention, and here he closed his sad, misty little fists, 'the standard 'Oy, anyone else notice there's a peculiar smell in here, he, he, he, he'." Pooh is better about having had to sing "the kind of song you get put in the funny farm for." What he wanted to sing was *Daddy and Daddie and Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*.

In the succinct spoof titled "The Short Happy Life of Margaron Hensway," the heroine of the title is in Pamplona on a day to be remembered by the townfolk. "... she did six atrocious cover pictures on the afternoon, five." But they do not make these anyone who can do six straight covers in an afternoon. "She is sitting at a table drinking wine 'and there were all the reporters and all the biographers and all the aficionados, and then there was another who came up to the table and stood there. It was an old one.' The old one had been a big one but she had been a thin one and now she is a fat one because no one would be thin any more. The poignant colloquy between the back number and the cynosure of the big Pentax 2501 with the 250mm Takumar, the Armitage and the Kankhofen 250mm ends.

"It is not easy, the modeling," she said. "Go with God."

"No, it is not easy," I said. "Go with God, St. Teresa."

In "Oooo Pretty Boy, There," a great bath is being on in London to celebrate the "end of the seven terrible years of neo-Nazi" oppression in Greece; the politically high-minded, having lifted their shoulders on some "neo-Nazi" returns, and some-madness, are enthusiastically planning the boycotting of products indigenous to other countries where the incontinent governments are punishing to the rich and tyrannizing the proletarians. A "part is a University of Just Outside Pasadena T-shirt, ripped-off jeans, and a charcoal silhouette the size of a wallet" declares, "... naturally I keep faith with my promise not to set foot on American soil until they have committed that bastard to jail."

At the beginning of a prehistorical

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TIMOTHY CROUSE

Bo and Jerry and Ronnie and John

Back in October, with the newspapers giving speculation that Ronald Reagan might bring off an upset in the New Hampshire Republican primary, and the blame for the electoral disaster being laid at the doorstep of Gerald Ford's campaign manager, Howard "Bo" Callaway, I hurried over to the office of the President Ford Committee to meet Callaway and see how he was holding up.

The President Ford Committee, located on the second floor of a glass and chrome office building a few blocks west of the White House, has the quiet, cheerful air of a prosperous Wall Street law firm. The receptionist offered a cup of coffee. A smiling, suburban secretary led me from the interview, took me through a large, empty central room, and deposited me with Callaway's own secretary, Miss Apple. Miss Apple was only one error, in the practical fashion of executive secretaries who work a telephone to death, and she led to some beamish hallway.

Callaway was standing a little anxiously in the middle of the room. I had expected a stronger presence. After all, he was the son of one of the Dowdies, an ex-congressman, a nearly successful candidate for governor of Georgia, and recently retired from the post of secretary of the Army. Nevertheless, my first impression of the Callaway that he looked like an older Ronald Reagan. His voice was full of Southern vulnerability, but he had the self-contained manner of an experienced salesman who has had too many doors slammed in his face.

Once we were seated, and the tape recorder was turned on, Callaway moved to establish ground rules—the interview could be on the record, for background, or off the record. I opted for the record, on the theory that I would get the same answers anyway. "Okay," said Callaway, "you'll get less caudal answers. I started by putting everything on the record, and boy, did I get it up to me. I'm losing a little more control. I came one from Army with the idea that I would never go off the record, but it's just absurd. You can't do it in

this world. The out-of-control and all that stuff is just incredible."

I asked Callaway if what he had in mind was his famous remark that Nixon Rockefeller was the "number one problem" of the Ford campaign. Callaway replied that that remark was a prime example. "They asked me what the Reagan people were saying about Rockefeller and I told them what the Reagan people were saying about Rockefeller," Callaway said exactly. "I never said anything close to that in my opinion—that Rockefeller was the number one problem. Now I should have had more sense and gone off the record—you know, you just can't walk with people. It was true and everybody knew it was true, but man, the fact



that I actually said it—wow!"

The interview progressed and turned into a subtle strategic Callaway tried mainly to push his remarks into the unquotable reaches of background, while I tried politely to keep him on the record. Callaway refused to be quoted when it came to his views of attacking at the White House or the deficiencies of the Reagan campaign—perhaps he expected these views to permeate into my copy without his name on them.

Certain questions he was clearly used to. I asked him about his only previous misadventure in a national campaign: in 1968, while working as Southern coordinator for Nixon's pre-convention effort, Callaway had been called on telling the Mississippi State Republican Committee that George Wallace should join the G.O.P. Nixon had been forced to denounce the remark, and it had de-

lated out here a few Southern votes.

"There's still a lot of controversy about that guys," said Callaway. "Nobody has any type of it and nobody knows what it is. There's some doubt about what I said, and I can't say I thought I said the George Wallace supporters should be supporters of the Republican Party."

As for his relations with the White House, and the rumors that several White House aides were out to strip him, Callaway talked a nice a month off the record, but had only one slow, careful statement to make for publication: "My agreement with the President from the day that I accepted this job was that I would pay no attention to any rumors. While House rumors, or press reports, and that anything I got in the campaign would come from him directly." A secretary came in to announce that Callaway's next appointment had arrived, so I rushed through my final questions, picked up my things, and said good-bye. Callaway rose to his feet, gave a sigh and a smile, and said in his broadest country-boy accent: "You know, the way things are going, I'm expecting a big sympathetic reaction. Because after everything these fellows over at the White House have read about me in the newspapers, they see me and say, 'You're not that bad.'"

On my way out of the office, it occurred to me that Gerald Ford had chosen a campaign manager in his own image. For Callaway seemed to share one of Ford's very worst qualities—a willingness to do something else's dirty work, to do it clumsily and with too much zeal, and then to act dumb and confused when it came to a bad end. If Callaway's argument, as Bo's, was any different from Ford's attack on William French Smith, it was only a difference of degree.

Next day, I paid a visit to the Citizens for Reagan Committee. What a disappointment to walk through such offices, for there was nothing to suggest the presence of the basic fringe and piety to suggest hard, cold, screw-up-looking efficiency. The office of John Sears, who runs the campaign, was tacky and heavy; diplomas and testimonial scrolls were stacked against the wall, as if to show that (Continued on page 28)

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Nominations are now being accepted for the Tenth Annual Esquire/Business Committee for the Arts "Business in the Arts" Awards competition which will honor corporations for outstanding support programs for the fine and performing arts in calendar year 1975.



Over the past nine years, Esquire and the Business Committee for the Arts have honored 196 companies with awards, and recognized an additional 244 with Honorable Mention. This program salutes the company that is supporting the arts and by doing so, encourages all businesses to include support of the arts as part of their corporate commitment to the communities they serve.



Appropriate to our nation's Bicentennial, this year's winners will be honored in early June in Washington, D.C., with the National Symphony Orchestra (Arnold Dorati, Music Director and William L. Denton, Managing Director) acting as our official host.



We are pleased to announce the cooperation of the following distinguished arts and business leaders who have agreed to serve as judges in this year's competition: Barry Bingham, Sr., J. Carter Brown, David Lloyd Kreeger, Myrna Loy, Stanley Marcus, Lloyd E. Rigler, Glynn Ross, Jafus Rudel, Virginia Kilpatrick Shehes, Catherine Filene Shouse, Carl Spielvogel and George Weissman.



All that is necessary to enter this year's competition is a letter of nomination describing a company's arts activities and support programs. The letter should indicate the nature and extent of the company's assistance with regard to the impact or effort that its support has rendered the arts organization. (Either the recipient or donor of business support may nominate a company for an award. Our judges would be interested in knowing if the support program is new and innovative to the company involved, or marks yet another plateau in a company's

long-term commitment to the concept of corporate support of the arts. All letters of nomination must include: (1) the corporation's full legal designation and the nature of its business; (2) the name and title (chairman or president) of its chief executive officer and (3) the complete mailing address, including zip code.



March 15 is the deadline for submitting nominations.



All entries as well as inquiries concerning the competition should be sent to:

**Douglas J. Morrison,
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New York, New York 10019**

Please note that films, slides, tapes or any displays can not be reviewed by our judges as part of a nomination, and therefore can not be used in consideration of nominations.



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But there are a lot of other things to see in and around the city. Born as the works of Gaudi, the famous Catalan surrealist architect who died in 1904, after getting the only world buildings that look as though they were molded out of chocolate ice cream that had just started to melt. His most famous creation was the Church of the Sacred Family—all stonework, sculpture, and carvings—started in 1881 and still not completed. Another is the suburban Güell Park, a sort of architectural Disneyland, where some of the buildings look as though they were whipped up by a mad pastry chef. The park is on the way to Tibidabo, a 1740-foot hilltop overlooking the city and the sea in one direction and the mountains in the other. Its very deer days you can see the Pyrenees and, very occasionally, Majorela, about 160 miles away.

Meanwhile, Barcelona's other scenic hilltop, is on the opposite side and much closer to town. On the way up to Montjuich Park, with a fortress where prisoners were kept during the Spanish Civil War, now a military museum; there are also outdoor restaurants, gardens, fountains and other marvels, notably the Museum of Catalan Art in the National Palace. Here too is a Spanish village anchoring buildings representing all the regional architectural styles of the country. The fantastic ride from sea level up to the top of the hill is good sight-seeing fun.

Five days is not too long for browsing around Barcelona, and you could spend another five days as easily and enjoyably on excursions out into the surrounding countryside. The famed Monastery of Montserrat is more than 4100 feet high in the mountains a 21st-century twenty miles from town. Legend has it of the Holy Grail. It inspired Wagner's Parsifal. It was founded in 880 A.D. and today is the home of about three hundred Basque monks. You-

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hundreds of pilgrims journey to Montserrat every year to see the small Shrine of the Black Virgin, supposedly carved by St. Luke and famed as a wonder of miracles. Many take the cable-car ride up to the top of San Jeronimo, highest of the island's mountainous peaks in the neighborhood.

You'll want to drive down the coast to Sitges, the favorite beach of the Europeans themselves, and an attractive little resort community. There's a nice hotel and casino and lots of pleasant hotels, notably the Terracota at the golf course, and the Calpeles.

Another thirty-five miles or so down the coast and you're in Tarragona, in Roman times the city of a million people, now a small town and a treasure-house of pre-Roman, Roman, Gothic and Moorish architecture, with a strong museum, a Roman forum, splendid and sympathetic archaeological ruins and a cathedral that combines Romanesque and thirteenth-century Gothic styles.

Just about as far from Barcelona in the opposite direction is Girona, a provincial capital and city about the same size as Tarragona, just about as ancient and almost as interesting. There's a cathedral with a baroque facade and sections dating from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, a church built by Charles V in the ninth century and episcopal walls made of ten-foot-square stones—and how they were heaved into place before the use of cranes and machinery nobody has been able to figure out.

About twenty miles away, overlooking the sea at S'Agaró, is the Hotel de la Garma, one of the best-situated and most famous resorts built at all of Europe. There's a good beach, a big pool, tennis courts and an eighteen-hole golf course. You'll want to stay here for lunch, at least; some visitors have rated its restaurant among the very best in Spain. At S'Agaró, sixty-eight miles from Barcelona and sixty miles from the French frontier, you're in the heart of the Costa Brava. The climate of this northern section of the Spanish Mediterranean coast is said to hold to be much of a warmer swing (thanks to its sheltered location, the Hotel de la Garma is one of the few top hotels open throughout the year) and in midsummer it's too warm to be much fun, but from the end of April to the middle of June, and there again from early September through November, it's an ideal spot for an off-season vacation. There are the village scenes for the Costa Brava—as they are for Barcelona and all of Catalonia. ☐

Washington

(Continued from page 16) the campaign had no time for decoration; the desk was cluttered with memos and papers.

Sears was clearly a technician. His career had taken him from the firm of Madge, Rose to the Nixon '68 campaign to the Nixon White House (from which he had the luck to be hounded for his habit of telling Ford to John Mitchell) to Harvard's Kennedy Institute and to another corporate law firm. The concession on Sears held that he was one very smart mechanic, and the word to be said of him was that he was a magnanimous who saw himself as a future President.

Sears spoke in a soft, detached voice, his eyes gave off no warmth, and his fingers trembled ever so slightly as he chaw-stomped Vietnam. He was still, still, low-key while everything the virtues of his leader. But when the subject switched to pure politics, his conversation flared with detail upon detail of political experience.

In 1968, when he first appeared as a primary campaign in New Hampshire, the state's Republican party split into five hostile factions. "We asked a young state legislator, a very bright young fellow who hadn't been involved in all this before, and jumped him ahead of everybody to head our campaign," Sears recounted, almost chuckling. "And I found, after that, that it was possible to get some of these people at least to allow their name to be thrown on the Nixon committee, as long as I wasn't hanging over the power to one of their competitors. So we worked it out and put a pretty broad kind of the name and it worked pretty well. Now it isn't quite as bad." Sears's greatest triumph has been to persuade New Hampshire governor Meldrum Thomson, a vocal right-winger, to drop the chairmanship of Reagan's New Hampshire campaign so that the job could be filled by ex-Governor Hugh Gregg, a moderate who will help avoid other moderates away from Ford. The question is how Sears convinced Thomson, a powerful man and a rabid Reagan supporter, to step aside. Sears gave away no secrets. "It was thought," he says, "that since Mr. Thomson is governor and has other responsibilities and has his own political future to look out for, that it would be best to form the committee in the way that we have." And how did Sears get ex-Governor Gregg to head the campaign? He didn't even ask for Gerald Ford, and the way that happened

suggests that the problems of the Ford campaign are not altogether Callaway's fault. That the focus is in fact a team effort. Ford tried to recruit Hugh Gregg as chairman of his New Hampshire campaign. On September 11, both Ford and Reagan were in New Hampshire stopping on behalf of Louis Wynn, the doomed Senatorial candidate. Early that morning, Reagan met with Gregg and asked for his support. At once, Gregg went to a copy-right-honored for Ford. After lunch, Ford took him out to a nearby woodland and asked him to head his local organization. Gregg said he would consider it, on the condition that he would talk to Ford's campaign aide. Ford agreed and called in Donald Rumsfeld, who was standing outside the shed. "You tell Mr. Callaway that I want Governor Gregg to head up the campaign," Ford said to Reagan. "Two days went by before the news called Gregg. In the meantime, Reagan's people were calling Gregg. 'If the Ford people had called me the next day,' Gregg said later, 'I would have been more hard pressed to make a decision that I was working ten days and hearing nothing. I went with the Reagan people that that simple. Five minutes before I went with the Reagan people I did get a call from Callaway, and he said, 'Look, we want you' and all this stuff, and I went, 'I'm sorry, Mr. Callaway, it's too late.' He said he'd only heard about all this twenty minutes ago. Well, if he'd only heard about it twenty minutes ago and the President called me ten days ago, it only confused my conviction that the Ford campaign was not very well organized."

At this writing, the Ford campaign is barely organized at all. Callaway has managed to fill the vacancy two spots on his staff, a technician to run the daily affairs of the campaign. No one will come near the job. The staff is jumping ship at an extraordinary rate. Richard Packer, the campaign's finance chairman, has just resigned; it is rumored that his real reason for leaving was that he couldn't stand the sight of Callaway. After the Gregg incident occurred, Stuart Spencer, political director of the President Ford Committee, told The Washington Star that he did not mind losing Gregg to Reagan. "I don't consider that any plus," said Spencer. His want is for as to claim that Gregg had asked for the job and been turned down.

That's how Gerald Ford, Donald Rumsfeld, St. Callaway and Stuart Spencer turned a potential ally into a confirmed enemy. If they keep up the teamwork, maybe they can win this one for Reagan. ☐

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XEROX

Travels Through America

BY HARRISON F. SALISBURY

An overview on the occasion of the two hundredth birthday

1. From There to Here

New England is ready for winter. The shade coats at the downtown window frames of the old red-brick factories and send leaves across the lawn on Route 128 where M.I.T.'s electronic road is unseasoned.

This is the time of year when Uthman Balohary, yoman of Onepochet, Rhode Island, heaped earth around his plank-sided house to screen it against winter winds. He had already put by his winter's supply of potatoes and hauled his apples for the stores of January and February.

No one today heaps earth mounds around the houses of Cheparukh. Nor do they put down vegetables in root cellars. No one remembers how to cut runners from hickory saplings and arm them with steel, ready to snare behind covered water

and dipole privileges. The verbs and dippers are gone. So are most of the locust-begged larvae. So are men like Hiram, who would build you a sleigh for \$17.49 and take your note for his pains.

On this day when the steel city of New England is suspended over the whole country I took a stringer's backpack into my briefcase, took out a FPK, walk down the overpass into the American 787 and through the continent in five and a half hours. All the way to Los Angeles I fly under the metal profile of the single sky, watching from the window—New York's steel spine and glass bones, Vermont's bridges, the soft barriers of the Appalachians moving toward me in pale morning light and then, falling, broader and broader, into that sea of land where every landscape was meant by destiny to be the home

of our people and Dr. Towner called "the most magnificent exhibition ever prepared by God for man," the women of the Mississippi, the valleys of the Ohio and the plainslands of the Missouri, a continent is itself as rarely designed for America's use as a woman's womb for the seed of humanity.

Today I sit, notebook in hand, eyes to the window—swam I am looking down at a continent, at my continent, my America.

For months I have been crawling out the continent, traveling forgotten trails, sticking my head into books and examples, old wives and new experiments, talking to the old and the young, looking for my country, my American land, springing out as an intelligence would, trying to find where it has been, where it has come, where it is going after two hundred years of success and sorrow.

It seems to me that I have spent half my life assisting out-
countries, usually in the back trunks of Asia or the Balkans, or
countries, forbidden countries, god-forsaken spots on the map.
I have loved the world and I have loved my own country. I
have seen it from the backside of the Dakota (with my father)
to the bottom of Louisiana (with Hay Lane), from the Ran-
cho Lajas of Mexico (with my son) to the kaleidoscope of Cal-
ifornia (with Richard Milford Nixon). I have seen this in a life-
time of reporting but never all of it, never as a whole, never as
one America, the nation-continued of the world.

New I sit in the window and look down. We are crossing the Mississippi below Dubuque and I think of the upper river, the great floods, the brilliant showmen of subsistence, carved out by the heavy flow of the water, the spouting variations of Louis Pigeon, where I gathered mother-of-pearl as a child, the estimated wealth, all that glitters never shines unknown to today's Americans, the very name a *Wap*—*Frederic du Chien*, *Le Cœur*, *Winnep*, *Wabeno*, *Red Wing*—that wilderness which Anthony Trudgill thought the finest in the world, prouder than the Rhine, but a lost river in my generation of Americans locked to not become where he had confided.

As I watch the land flow by I wonder how I can make this multidimensional jigsaw whole. Not an easy task. "How are you going to put it all together?" my poet son, Stephen, asks me. "I don't quite understand your plan."

I don't feel that I don't quite understand either. I don't say what I really think—that America is bigger than any place I've ever been to. I saw Old Man La Follette, the radical from Wisconsin, one night when he told you could not make a place in Wisconsin. It was the big, old thing, you said. "It just wasn't work," he said the statement with their stopgap intention. Perhaps, I think, Whitman came closest to explaining it. De Vries must have done it on the wall of a limestone cave in the Missouri. I think of those who have tried—Tom Gorman with his book, *Grand-Grandeur* in marble, Sandberg in words, Copland in music, Frederick Jackson Turner at night, Jefferson in a dream.

There are a thousand thousand strands in the American tapestry. The warp and woof is beyond a weaver's art. Is the sun beginning to set on the American dream? Are we following Victoria's eagle into shadow and sunset? Did the system start Nixon only to die of septic poisoning? Does a phalanx of missile-tipped American centrifuges wait in the wings? Where is hope? Where does the future lie?

Let me be honest. I cannot put it all together. I can only offer you one man's search for light. I can offer you America, but such man's America must be his own for that is the essence of it, American contrast. Each of us is but a piece of the continent, a part of the man. I have no blueprint, just some thoughts on development, some preached hints on highway maps of Rhode Island, New York and Wisconsin, some old letters, some new talk, such as poet. I have not prevaricated with some of the U.S.A.—and if I had, would I be much the wiser? I have not mingled while fighting with the goal of hope of the Confed. I've not swayed while in Phoenix, Arizona. I have not lived a life and brooding winter in an Oregon farmhouse nor sat in a

mismanagement during storage with methodologic breaks. I have not tested all the strains of our 215,000,000 bovine

We are a kind of, a belated heir of humanity, as Freud says of the world has seen, moving through twenty centuries of existence. How can I explain it? I clearly *do* sense it as that, somehow. I have shared one third of my country's life, one sixth years of the history of the United States has been my country. I was born when the middle of the Spanish war was just lost in America. I was born in the DM Zone, a place on the far left edge and marched down Sunset Avenue on Memorial Day to a survivor of Anderson's. In those days the Indians still stood at the horizon of my Minnesota land and my father gave the great buffalo heads walking in grass to a few showmen, the Indian started beside Dakota statues of the Sun. I am in quarantine since his freedom. Had the years of my father's life been my own, I would have been a man, a man as a reporter or his family maintenance. During half—the loss of my father, his father. He grandfather and great-grandfather take the year 1778 and before—four lives and my own age, the country's history. My father's great-grandfather, John Balfour, fought to establish the Republic. His son-in-law, to just a plain peasant who served with Washington, was a man of the American Revolution. Great-grandfather, fighting the Spanish rebels, laying down his mother to send his son in Rhode Island, three further sons.

Those four boys—said my own—were pioneers on our history. They mark the path I trace here. This is a plain tale of plain Americans, living their lives, building their villages, raising their families, tilling the land, moving westward with restless feet, those restless feet that novelist John P. Kennedy thought the most American of our characteristics. The Americans, he said, "be a migratory race. He has no root in the soil. He is disenchanted with a passion for locomotion. He must see and go."¹²

So, I thought, they have come and gone, bark and forth across the continent, the four giants have before me. And then I myself in my one third of America's lifetime have traveled more than all the rest multiplied ten times, traversing the continent so often I cannot number the times but add them among the continent as I use it today.

When was the first time? When I flew home from the war, flying in from the Pacific, completing my first span of the globe, flying into San Francisco from Honolulu in the morning dawn, the whole city showing up the banks of Telegraph Hill, Nob Hill, Russian Hill, the bridge like a queen's diadem, and then across the country and into New York at dusk, the lights burning with a golden glow.

I can recall the trip with Nicki Khawabwile, looking down from the plane at 14,000 feet. I rode much of the time in the cockpit with the pilot, staring out, trying to see the America that spread before the small, daring eyes of Hansen's most voracious politicians. I knew he didn't fly much, so I knew he understood the meaning of those hours of sight across the black crust of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, the Southwest. I could understand what Khawabwile saw and what he felt as America roared beneath him. It was all alienation, all black skin like the sleek of the Ukraine and all much of the latitude of the Ukraine, thousands of miles of black soil. It had sandbars and mudflats and a long growing season. Khawabwile would have given half of Illinois for those frost-free weeks that produced America's bumper harvest.

The land flowed on and on as I stood down. Kinnab was coming up, so discoloured, the wheat fields spread two wide. Ahead was Colorado, now the Rockies, brown and tan. States far past like water towers on the old Great Northern. We are making six hundred thirty-six mph ground speed. How I see the Colorado River, ballooning like an inflated acorn. Monument Valley cuts through the red lines as if I were butter and I start in recognition. I am seeing something I have seen before but not in the American southeast. The red lines, I realize, is like what I saw in the mountains north of Suez, the



feeding place, a town built by English land speculators, the British Temperance Emigration Society of Liverpool, England, which brought near hundred people in, my grandfather's mother among them, and indeed specialists, the Mills and the Monropps (Anna, emigrated seventy years of good land to buy M. & M. stock and regretted it the rest of his life).

Harrison came to Manitowish, of course, because this was where his wife, Mary, lived with her family and her friends. But there were other good reasons. Manitowish bubbled with life. There was still hope that it might become the center of Wisconsin rather than Madison. In fact, the lots where Harrison's house was built had been bought by Governor Cadwalader Washburn as a school site.

When Worcester Thayer moved to Massachusetts, people kept bringing in to his blacksmith shop and asking if he knew that that door was the shop where John Proctor had made John Appleby's "kneater." Worcester had never heard of the kneater, a simple iron masher that automatically had haling knots. The Appleby kneater made it possible to hale by hand. Essentially the same simple Appleby device is used in modern bakers.

"You know," Worcester adds, "the kneater was one of the two most important inventions of the nineteenth century."

Perhaps it was, perhaps it wasn't. But it was noble in opening up the heartland.

Marquette was a Yankee town. When Harrison opened his practice, the village and township had a population of 1700 (Cody in 1874). The biggest enterprise was the S. T. Davis Co. who was a cousin of Mary's. Industry. Davis made farming tools, simple wooden constructions that constructed and from steel

Mr. president, in Massachusetts wages, a practical iron wages bill by Blawie and Walter, and the Drexelton worker, a state working board, and a current table game invented and sold by the State Manufacturing Company, involving three billiards on the green felt surface of a concrete table. The table was fixed with a folding lid and could be used for pool, dominoes or chessmen. (Wages can now be in the masses.) Massachusetts had a brewery, started in 1861, which produced Imperial Export Beer and contained the local brew that Mary and her friends played, a knitting factory, a flour mill and a company that sold apples and sewing machines, creating three around the countryside on a barbed wagon and other tools to farmers. The railroad built

household, kept two engines in Mammoth (one was named for the town in 1910) and over the years Mammoth turned out "hundreds of railroad men." When Harbeck started practice, the town had four undertakers, three dentists and three other doctors including W.H. Tansley, "Magnolia Physician Will Tansley, D.D.S., 1900-1901," and others. *Arctic News*, 1901.

[illegible]

WHAT HAPPENED TO MUMFORD? What happened to all the factories, all the businesses, all that Yankee ingenuity? Changes came. The factories were small. They made quality articles in small quantities. A lot of small went into the products. Perhaps the small factories weren't too efficient and there wasn't capital for them to grow bigger. Or by now they failed.

What of it now? Is there anywhere to work in Massachusetts? Women There make. He takes me out along the railroad tracks and points up the line a quarter mile or so. There sprawls an industrial plant, a spread of characteristically low, single-story buildings. It gleams blue and aluminum in the afternoon sun.

This is Wick Building Systems, a producer of prefabricated houses and prefabricated buildings. It has grown from nothing, in 1956, when Wick came to Massachusetts and started his own business in the garage back of his house, to an enterprise that employs more than seven hundred men and women.

This, I say, looks like what was happening in Maoism a hundred years ago—a combination of native insurgency, aggression and local opportunity.

Werner's eyes twinkled.

No reason, he thinks, why small towns should die, so long as they serve a useful purpose. Towns are made for people. If they serve the people, they will live. If they do not, why should they live? Serve the people. It's a phrase I know well. It is engraved in Chinese characters against a black enamel background on the small badge I saw Premier Chou En-lai and the other Chinese leaders wear in 1975. It is, in fact, a quotation from Chairman Mao Tse-tung.

I wonder. I wonder how much sense this all makes. Is there a social structure here on the boardland fiefdom enough, sturdy enough, to bridge the past and present, to hold a way to the future? In the evening we talk—my son Michael, his wife, Molly, a group of their friends, young married people, upwardly mobile, in the awkward phrase of Madison Avenue. They are

in law and business, books and flowers. One girl is a reporter. Another runs an art gallery. They live in Midwater's Dorset Street area, a local collection of Greenwich Village.

One of the guys is talking. His husband is a construction analyst. I like old houses, the guys. I loved my grand-mother's house. It smelled of old wood and soap. I don't like new houses and new apartments. That's why we live in this neighborhood. The new houses are all metal doors and plastic. I like wood and real plaster and kaffe. Waldbaur is no good.

There's a tradition in this country for destruction, the girl says. I have my grandmother's old china. It looks so good in your hands. Well, imagine, he was the one the family wanted it. They wanted to smash it. I had to argue with them to give it to me.

These young people like old wooden bowls and spoons, iron beds, brass beds, old wooden school desks, anything made by hand. All of them work for large corporations but (John Allen) dreams of working for themselves. Using their hands I remember the first time Stephen saw a potter at work. He was awed. "If I could only live and use my hands like that!" They do not know how to use their hands. But they want to learn.

"Everyone wants to live in the country now," Molly says. "Kids want to live in the country in peace and spend their time hunting and reading."

It's true, says my old friend Arvid Schulten, for many years managing editor of *The Midwestern Journal*. He is teaching at *University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign*. He has young people every day. They are thinking of settling in *Waterloo* and *St. Catharines*. They want to meet.

One thing, Arv notes, the young people don't give a damn about growth and there they stand one hundred eighty degrees away from their grandfathers. They don't care if Wisconsin never sets another record for out of the state.

I. The Monistic Spirit

I have not lived in Minneapolis for forty-five years, but I think there has hardly been a day of my life that I did not think of it. The house I grew up in is gone. Not only the house, the neighborhood, the school. The people are gone. Only my mother and I survive of the company that thrived in and out of 101 Royalton. In the years after Augustus Harroon built his house in pride and careful calculation, each room on a different wood, white pine for the parlor, and cherry for the living room, ash for the hall with its staircase and oak for the dining room.

In June of 1973, I go back to Minneapolis for the 495th reunion of my class at North Side High School. The reunion was held at the Ambassador Resort Motor Hotel. It stands beside the city limits of Minneapolis, so the way to Lake Minnetonka where we spent our summers in the "old Moore place," a log cabin shaded with moss, when I was a child.

There's nothing to distinguish the Ashlander Resort Motel Hotel from a thousand others except perhaps its advertising. It sells itself the Island in the Sea and boasts of controlling the winds. People of the city and suburbs come here to spend weekends beside a lagoon-topped swimming pool where they can drink to the ladies' splash.

Here the survivors of North Side High's Class of 1939 assemble. We gather under the giant bottle for a drink and try to search each other out behind the lumpy pools, the wrinkles, the sagging frames that have alleviated the stony youngsters who used to run two miles to school and two miles back to condition themselves for football. The rest has the fun of it.

There's music all night, but in the "controlled weather" of the island is the Sun we worship. The polyester collars of the men's sport shirts wilt and the dress trousers, draped within their upholstered flesh, wipe the sweat from their brows as they gulp down their beer and water. There are two hundred fifty at a time at four hundred thirty-five percent and I am amazed that there are not a dozen I resemble.

It is an easy crowd, a pleasant sororship of people. Most of them have lived their lives in Minneapolis but there is a large (very) international country. Florida, California, Arizona. They are a mixed lot, prospects but not yet, pleased with their lives, their families, their city. The people on the platform are friends of mine. They had been the show business in 1925. Dr. Norman Bernstein shows slices of Italy, Yiddish, Scotch and Venetian, all Cupone, the Charleston and Fred and Adele Astaire, from our day. Mel Brook, then president, a beautiful woman. He's a Congressional candidate and he tells some beautiful stories. One about his wife for pop-singer I am not sure, telling them in the men's club meeting. He wears a blue suit and white shirt, but he's not. Lanes, a musician. They have a winter garden in Hawaii.

The evening passes quickly. I talk a bit, trying to compare 1825 with 1871 and look ahead at the future. I am optimistic—as usual. As we break up, Mel warns me not to take the purple, brown, blue and yellow plastic flowers from the tables. They have been lent by a chemist who is making it big in the plastic-flower line.

You couldn't say we thrilled each other. You couldn't say! Here is where America has been and look how gloriously she advances to the future. But what did I expect from the Mississippi survivors of a high school that, like everything else, had been torn down, bulldozed away to make place for a grim new fortress school of heavy sciences?

It is two nights later. I am sitting on the screen porch of my sister's house. There's a smell of rain from the garden. I am wrong with Klugey and Benny. Maggie is Margaret Kewley. She is eighteen years old and she has just graduated from North High where she was an editor of the *Pulsar*, the school paper. Her father is a veterinarian on the Washington railroad. She is a small, old and looks and acts like her namesake. Twenty-five dollars.



Margaret Keating (Muggsy) —
something to be proud of

"I'm very lively," she says. She waves her hands as she talks and sparks fly from her open. Bawdy is Bernadine O'Brien. She is 19 years old and has another year at North High. She, too, is a good friend of Paden's. Her father is dead and her stepfather has retired. Her manner is quiet, but Miss McGarry's. Both girls are

Father Feeney's school is small. Five young men and Feeney run it. The teachers are former Jesuits who had been working in the missions until they left the order to get married. They go on teaching at \$100 a week, but how long that can continue Father Feeney wonders. Four men live at 204 Poyerty, Father Feeney, two priests and Miss Minnelli, principal of the school and Father Feeney's right-hand man. Miss has been on Poyerty Street since he got out of Fordham in 1940.

But he's not a good person, either. "I've got a bad history of being a bad guy," he says through gritted teeth. "I've got a bad history of being a bad guy, although I would like to have faith. The boys are small, even more than me, or sometimes small as me. Every young man comes of the parent of Dorothy, a young Jesus, who's now the candidate. He looks like our son, talks to our teachers and classmates, goes to their homes. He's not searching out students to kill. There is no such thing as Faith Street. He is looking for potential, youngsters who have ability but think they haven't, those who have a dream chance of being killed out of the shop."

"This is not an ideal," Father Jemery says. "We know we are just a small drop in a big pond. But that is not reason why we can do the things we do. We think that we have a partial answer to the problems of the street. That answer is education. It gives a few kids an idea of means of getting out of the neighborhood. We expand their horizons for them. You have to remember the range of choices in the neighborhood is very limited."

I remember that, from the days of Father James and from my long talks with the teen-age gang kids. Most of them had two problems in life, either to become a cop (because they "haven't made up their mind what they like best") or to become an adult gangster. Most of them never made either. They were dead or in prison before they were out of their teens.

A growing number of youngsters come from the Dominican Republic. The Dominican families are not on relief. They have to make it on their own. They work hard. So do their children.

When I met Father Janet, Mother Mary was on a budget of \$10,000, which he taxed personally in weeks, quarters and dollar bills. It still came virtually nothing. The Father Provincial provides \$17,500 and Father Freney matches that. "I have some well-to-do friends," he says. "Along toward the end of the year, or a few weeks toward intermediate time, I get some donations."

I leave 304 Jurgis and walk up to Houston Street. A man is waiting across a building. A perhaps one has been spilled at the entrance to State-Roosevelt Park beside a stopped red Pontiac. Two girls are hushing the care-caring by in a steady traffic flow.

As I walked out of 264 Forsyth I noticed a small sign tacked on the wall of adjacent 265-1 Love. Don Yee Hui has a brother, DON YEE A. LOAN.

I take the subway back uptown. The city may be a jungle to some, but the heavens still reign. One scene is still untouched by the poor and the downtrodden. With names like Father Francis, with the tradition of Father Jager, with collections to their great practitioners in New York whose social conscience fired the world, I believe New York and the other great cities of our country will find their way forward again. The light on Fourth Street may be a small one, but it gives a spark that can set our hearts on fire.

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I had begun to move about the schools and colleges. This was where the great upheavals of the 1960's had been centered. It had been the young who had shown the way in that great upheaval.

In New Jersey a young instructor at Bergen College talks of the students of the Sovieties. They are not as passionate as

floor of the library. The ramparts are quiet. None of the Presidential candidates is advertising, and economic considerations take over. But the atmosphere of the classroom has grown stimulating. This is because older persons are coming back to school, persons who have retired or persons who have lost their job or persons whose interests are changing in mid-life. The older students speak up. They have opinions on every subject. The youngsters feel challenged. The classroom grows to life.

There, I learn, is true across the country. At Fullerton, California, the oldest student is a senior. There is a heavy enrollment of forty-year-olds. Inevitably the college offers classes in "creative retirement" and alerts senior citizens to university and cemetery rip-offs. But the heart of the splurge is the combination of the young and the old. For many it is the first time they have talked and argued across the bridge of the years.

One night in a scheme I am sitting beside a young man in a heavy Chevy wagon, snuffling through the Kentucky road down Highway 180 from Danville to Louisville. Henry Wicks, a student at Centre College, is driving me to the Executive Inn at Louisville Airport and talking as though he will never stop. He is a sophomore and he comes from an almost classic Eastern, affluent background: New York suburbs, parents writers in the great *Luz* empire, a wonderfully comfortable, contented home. Henry is saying what is on his mind, what he has been thinking about for months or years.

He likes Kentucky and thinks he might even settle down here. It's a relaxed environment. But, my God, he exclaims, can you believe there are people in school who watch daytime television *on-line*? Nothing, he believes, tops the imagination as *Real TV*. There, the word *reality* is

"You were lucky," he says. "You grew up on radio. That extends your imagination."

This letter, he continues, I saw a Wilson supporter. Actually worked for him. I wouldn't believe Watergate. One day they called me together and asked for volunteers to help out at a breakfast meeting. Naturally I said yes. Then they said we were to wear red suits, jackets and ties, all that. I thought that was kind of funny and when we arrived it turned out we were being used as an example, to demonstrate that true young people with the right kind of behavior and taste and hair were still supporting the President.

"I mean," I said, "that you felt you'd been used."

Right, he said. Decried. It felt terrible and he can't get over it.

He left me but he began to think he ought to join the Socialist party or the Communist party. "You don't know how terrible it is. I'm only nineteen and what is there to believe in? I just don't have faith in anything. You people of the Thirties were lucky!"

"Well, times were hard, but you had faith. You weren't disillusioned. You believed that things would come out all right in the end."

But was it? I sat thinking as Kentucky rolled past in the dark. Faith . . . there will come out all right . . . Right?

Is that what we had? I remembered living, nearly starved, in a common-room "English basement" on Chang's Near North Side. My pay was thirty dollars until it was cut in twelvemonth. I was lucky. Most of my friends had no jobs. There was no relief, no unemployment insurance.

Did we have talk? I was all evening out okay? Did I have faith that afternoon in February, 1968, when I boarded the New York Central train in Chicago and set off for Detroit with

my uncle's all-glass gladiators filled with rolls of money, dinner quarters and ball-tickets? I was a reporter on UPI's Chicago bureau and that was money to keep our Detroit bureau going: money for phones, taxis, cigarettes and needle heat. The banks in Detroit were closed and a few days later they closed all over the country.

[illegible]

Next morning I went down to City Hall to talk to Detroit's ranked young mayor, Frank Murphy. His office was in the open in the corner of City Hall behind a rusty-looking railing. Four or five men arrived. I knew they were important by their dress. Lanky men, dignified. One, I believe, carried a gold-headed cane.

Marley ran to meet them with a smile, trying to make them more comfortable, but they were beyond comfort. These were the men whose hands had been at the throttle. They were the bankers and they had come for help. I could not hear their words, but I could see their lips quiver and can break into tears. Marley simply put his arm around his shoulder. There was nothing he could do but speak a few warm, kind words. No one could help. Marley knew it. His hands were tied.

I turned back to Henry Weller. How could I tell him all of that? How could I tell him what it had really been like to discover your father was borrowing money from the loan shark and taking his gold watch and cuff links to a pawnshop?

Had we kept our faith? I suppose in an inverse way we had. We knew that the old system had crashed and that we would build a new one that was bound to be better.

We were coming up on Louisville now, the landscape filled with the crazy lights of the motels and freeways. Yes, guess I could understand why the 1850's were beginning to look like an American Dream when we had all stood together. I was a myth but the strength of the American legend was a real myth.

A. The First Stage

I am sitting in the living room of Hunter Thompson's hotel home, Owl House, on the edge of the foothills north of Salt Lake City. On the wall, there's a big blur in the *Soldier's* *Florida* and *Joan*, the Thompsons' eleven-year-old, stands over a low railroad table to put new logs on. Everything is confusion. I arrived with a TV crew and we've spent the whole day in a hot half hour on the stage. Beyond the picture window two people are seen through wires under a Florida scene that presents them both inside, the electronic house the more dead, which keeps repeating "Myra built me a house." The *Duckman* and *Myra* and *Joan* of course. I don't know how Hunter's wife, Randy, spent her last

I'd come to see Hunter because it seemed to me that of all the cops in the forefront of the 1960's he was the most out. No one had captured the random violence, the alienation of America as he had in *McPa*, *Angels and Fear* and *Landings in Los Viento*. If anyone could tear where the Reverend was heading,



*Master S. Thompson—
the feeling of those running out*

where things were beginning to happen, it should be Hurston. He'll do it, he feels, he said, and about the same.

"It's about this country," he says. "About those people who had the leading edge, the most brains and the most vision and shone on edge of what even then was creating a working class. Mutual chains was going on and technology was beating them [the Anarchists] out of their chairs."

"There won't all want the colors of, say, the Half's Acre."

Then, I suppose, is what My calls that lump in the belly Vietnam.

Hunter bolts with nervous energy. He snatches a dozen cigarettes, then switches to small Mack cigars. He takes small two or three times as we're talking on the lag divergent. He jumps up for a beer and then gets out his famous, Wild Turkey, which he keeps on ice in a half-gallon bottle.

We talk as if we never get very far from violence. It hangs in the air and in Blumenthal's mind. When he was with the Angels he saw a kind of violence he never knew existed—people who really wanted to hurt other people. But no one can live for long like that. He is afraid the United States has that anger, anger against the world, rattling sabers and threatening violence. He has learned from politics that you never make threats unless you are capable of carrying them out, intend to carry them out and surely know you will.

That is where Haster has come—politics. The Chicago convention with its billed rage turned him in that direction. He came back to Colorado and ran for office himself, ran for mayor and lost, by three hundred votes.

"There's a high in politics," he says. "It's a combination of power and adrenaline that beats any drug I've found yet. Yeah. When it's not too hot, you sleep."

He's obsessed with the feeling of time running out. He is getting older. He never expected to live to be twenty. He was surrounded when he reached thirty and he is baffled at the idea that he probably will live to be forty.

Hauer can hardly wait to get into the 1978 Presidential campaign. He has a favorite—Georgia's Jimmy Carter. He has taped two speeches of Carter's and now he puts the tapes on his \$1,000 electronic system and the soft Georgia voice shakes the walls of the log living room.

Center is infusing about education and what he says makes good sense. It is not difficult to see us as an intellectual or a humanitarian. Genuine education, Hunter has a duty to meet Carter in Atlanta the next day and go to the stock-exchange room, but he says he'll meet me next morning. His classes are going to get out at dusk on the night. Finally gets on the telephone, trying to reach Hunter's travel arrangements. It's complicated and I see we can't get going to work.

Hunter has read a book put out by the University of Virginia Press, *Intimidation*, by John William Faulkner when he was writer in residence there.

"This was no hell," he says. "It really said what I think about the fate of man. You know when the last bomb goes off and the last person you feel in the end, not just he'll still be some, you know, much sully, because you're going, you're going to see him. This is still in my mind and I believe that right now. And that's what's totally dismaying, what I do as an old level. But I think there's a pervasiveness in people that I think of life and how great things it is."

So there it all hangs out. Hunter Thompson, the man of the times, the rising sign of the end of the 1960's, is an expert on the nature of humanity.

Back at the motel, Hunter's conversation with violence echoes in my mind. This is a deep American strain and he is right. I think, to draw the question between violence in American life and the violence in her relations with the world. We are a violent people and we have been from the early days. There is what is now in the air about the peaceful movement and the movement to the West. There are traces of it in Hunter's diary but only traces—the murders, the battles, the wars.

We had used the gun to drive the Indians from the lands we owned. We used the gun and the force to become the blacks. The American dream has been a bloody dream. Our nation had been born in political violence. The dark stars were there and Hunter's words would not let me forget it.

9. Santa California

It is not easy to find Daniel Ellsberg. When I saw him he lived in 3831 Valley, family residence from San Francisco, a sunny suburban town that reminds me of Libertyville, north of Chicago, where Aldo Brenner lived, at Denver, Connecticut—a town of healthy children, clean-planned houses, status symbols. Both writers, English-American, riding with me, the sense of money. I followed my dream through town to a beautiful road along a stream, narrow and rocky, and finally came to an end at a heavy railroad gate vaulted down with chains and locks. I looked at though I had gone to far as I was meant to go. As I turned over the situation a suburban farm up in his car. Yes, he said, this is Ellsberg's car but the place is further up the mountain. He went over and pulled at the heavy chains. It came free in his hand. I pushed the gate open and used my yellow Passat to the top of the mountain, around a sharp turn, up to a redwood house with large plate-glass windows. Ellsberg lived in the house. He showed me the house and I found Dan and Ned. He showed me the New York Times reporter and my old friend, talking.

Two tape members were going, Niffa and Dan's. The reason of several of Niffa's big dates noted in an abstract, and standing on the long redwood table was a known flowered banner, bright and two self-inflicted marks.

There was talking about American foreign policy in the period after World War II and how, in his belief, it had been run by officials who heavily felt that unless they took on the responsibility the general public, the McCarthy and his equivalents, would conduct a more dangerous policy that would be the real nuclear war. Americans, he believed, thought of themselves as simple nationalists as we had been when our Republic came into the world and we wanted to support our nationalistic movements. That more out of World

War II. This had been Roosevelt's idea. But we never seemed to be able to back enough nationalistic movements. Let's not forget that, because we had nationalistic movements that they would support us when the chips were down. In the end, the man we were talking to was right. The chips were down and he depended on us to support the Communists to the bitter end.

In other words, he said, better a Triffin than a Castro. He said that Dan had a sense of this. I suggested that Castro was not an enemy in my eye of thinking. How about Mr. Bundy? He pointed to his feeling that Bundy was one of the strongest among those who felt the country had to be protected against the south and the state's foreign policy. Ellsberg felt we wouldn't let nationalistic come to the top because they would threaten our markets and our resources.

I watched the birds fly down and scatter the birds over the house. There were Japanese wood choppers outside and they talked pleasantly in the wind. Paul by Ned pulled up his pants and size number and left. Dan had been working around the house. He had put on sandals and was riding down to Mid Valley at his Triumph 500 for a sandwich.



Daniel Ellsberg—part of the lamp

What did Ellsberg see of the future? What could he see of the future? He was seated in Vassar, his lamp in the room. In fact, he was part of the lamp. He had been a man who at a former moment had kindly watched others make a new course, not only the war but relations between the government and the people. The house and the neighborhood. We talked a bit about this. Why had the Nixon Administration gone all out to suppress the Pentagon Papers, to expose the newspapers, to promote the commission and then, finally, to the full people of Nixon's personal, to assist the plaudits' operation against himself. Ellsberg, which brought the whole person crashing down? Why?

There was only one reason, he said. There must have been other things, probably things not yet exposed, even that Watergate, but we were going on and Nixon feared might be disclosed. He hoped to see the Pentagon Papers to make the government go the way to do as he pleased. Indeed, he studied it well.

I thought his hypothesis was sound and I wondered when, if ever, we would know the whole answer. I pondered over

Ellsberg, as Nixon would need, for a long time. I am still pondering. I am wondering where Ellsberg's act of exposing people the Pentagon Papers had not set off a train of events whose consequences will not be felt until the future and in the end change our society more profoundly than we can now foresee. Without the Pentagon Papers I doubt that Watergate would have been exposed. We are here where the new path would lead.

The town's streets in California the border behind I seemed to have left the pattern of America. I had traveled from New England through New York and on to the heartland of Wisconsin and Minnesota, the more distant coasted the stage of the New England side and the Minnesota side.

It was strange as if the great border of the Rockies and these distant—some said that it has been abandoned by the word electronic and even a different kind of a new one—where I know that this is not true. San Francisco, at least, was founded by the same New England stock that opened the way to the heartland. But here there is a different rhythm.

Charles Knicker is a man who I met recently. He is a great American philosopher of his time. He was the first to grasp the scope of the peak rebellion of the 1960's. He has a through his eye and produced an almost perfect theory of what it meant. The meaning of America will be read for generations by those who are trying to understand what happened in that last decade.

Knicker had left Yale, I think, and went out to San Francisco. One of these together San Francisco days with a fine wind whipping the sky close of clouds I found Knicker in a wooden house in a row of wooden houses high over the city. I looked at the house down and he appeared, his dark clothing, his hair, his long hair and grey hair. He had a long hair, wearing a white shirt with a dark unbuttoned front, dark dark trousers and brown shoes. One finger was open at the rear because he had a detached kitchen table and seat on the floor one or twice a week.

I told Knicker that I was an atheist. He was delighted. His friends were optimistic too. The end of the world was a great thing, the movement of the 1960's were out doing their own thing (I go) has thought as it remains in my memory, not in the present time he would employ himself. They are deliberately keeping their heads down, presenting a few difficulties. They are not serious enough. They do work, they do work and some only work to some extent to cut. He showed me two abstract paintings done by a Mexican youth who works three months of the year in the assembly line and spends the rest of the time painting. When he runs out of money he goes back to the assembly line. I don't care for the abstract, but I saw young people in the East and in the Midwest who followed a similar pattern, cut deposits from society but people who made the system work as they could had a very personal kind of life.

What Knicker found about San Francisco was the growth of a counterculture movement, not only in the city but in the world where they were doing what they did because they enjoyed it. They were not thinking about money. Here was an example of the one counterculture actually changing society without society's being aware of it.

Last month, he said the start of the big change in the world began movement in the South. That evolved into the student movement of the 1960's. The students regarded in the street. Rocke was the first. They made leaders and got people out at them. The student movement doesn't break windows and doesn't get into the heartland. People don't realize they are there.

I asked about himself. He had left Yale. For two years he

had lived previously, but he as Knicker could stand the structure of the heartland and the people. He was going to see people were coming into the law faculty. Here in San Francisco he could live his life, not as an old man and lead his own life. He had led his own life. He moved the heartland of light, challenging people. In San Francisco he lived with his own group, about a dozen people. Not a community. Each was an individual but all related to each other. They met and talked and spent their evenings together.

I wondered whether he thought the American system might undergo a structural change. Not in Knicker's opinion. It can be changed by the people. The people know they have been lied to. They know that the President has been lying. They will compel change. The new generation of young men presents an evidence of this. They will be a President from the ranks of the counterculture people (as he calls the German generation) but not in the next election, later.

For the time being, people are into ecology. They want to move to the earth. They want to live in a more natural way. The Corporations and big industries. They buy steel cars. No matter what Detroit wants they will do as they please. Society has become very individualistic. There is a respect for the individual and for individuality, a turning against conformity.

Now he had struck a note that brought it all together. This individuality he called the American dream. This was what Knicker was about and he understood and the whole New England tradition. Now this comes more to the fore.

Knicker speaks fervently about the right of each person to create his own life and his own life. This is the American dream. This is what the United States is all about and what it is created in the first place by people who had rebelled against the pattern of living in their European homelands. They came to America to live life as they wanted and if they did not like the pattern in the East or the Midwest they came to the end in California.

That was it, I thought, that is the special ingredient in California life and psychology. There is a different pattern here and it is a kind of many individual dreams, each open by one individual who runs here because he or she wanted "to get away."

But something had troubled me about my conversation with Knicker and I came away from talking with Knicker I had a question and I wanted to understand what it is. It's not the conventional themselves, it is the relationship of these two men to the search of natural events. Each has played a role in a dramatic moment of history. Each has been a part of the world. In all the outer and not the peripheral, that is, they were connected with the great machinery that moves our country.

Today each lives in the paradoxical setting of San Francisco. They are living lives which satisfy deep personal needs. Ellsberg is at work at the end of a long lecture on the world and Knicker is at work at the end of a long lecture on the world. They are not used to the silence. They are at a remote from the downtown area of cities. They do not meet and converse as they would in Washington or at Yale. The Times arrives at a few or two less. They do not meet their own at lunch or dinner with them at outdoor time. The telephone does not replace what they do. Knicker's life is not only isolated. Perhaps Knicker is not the best place to go for the direct truth. Perhaps the gift of New York, the codes of Washington, the tension of New England endures in the on-the-edge experience of the young politicians in the heartland are better suited to Knicker's needs than the heartland.

"Would you like to go on with me tonight?" Tom Hayden asked. "We have a couple of meetings."

I quickly agreed. I had been hoping he would progress. I had been waiting to see what the scene was like in California. Now Knicker had, as one of the symbols of the New England



Tom Hayden—a plastic campaign

spends. He talks about equalizing the tax burden, increasing taxes on corporations and particularly on individuals that run off to Mexico and deprive Californians of jobs.

In Orange County conservative for Tom? The answer is *hell*. Tom has girls' opinions and some *chickies*. Orange County used to be the most conservative county in the country. Now it is rapidly changing with the influx of lower- and middle-income families from Los Angeles.

The only brother left, Tom says, is improving the quality of our own life in our own society. Before we get angry—Tom is not much of a handshaker, as politicians go—I met Jim Kila, one of Tom's preferred Orange County organizers. He is a hairy man of an inch foot, blond, broad shouldered. He is a Catholic and has seven children. He is an outdoors writer, a great hunter and opponent of gun control. He has written books on gold mining and is an opponent of abortion laws. He is also my hundred percent for Tom.

Our next stop in Newport. We are visiting a coastal strip that begins at Santa Monica and sweeps down to the south as Laguna Beach. The strip is populated largely by young people, business-oriented, apparently middle-class, open-minded in politics. They are very different from the cartoon image of Orange County conservatism and the huge adorns of Middle West conservatism.

The Newport meeting is held in a whitewashed one-story architect's and designer's office which houses an art gallery. It is a more sophisticated milieu than the Santa Ana meeting. There are young mid-people wearing midwesternized blue jeans, aquatics sports clothes, white Grateful Grapes t-shirts, handsome shades and sport shirts. The men have neatened haircuts and the women wear their hair loose and wild. They have glasses of Scotch and soda in their hands and they pay no attention to the art that is going to be auctioned off by Tom's brother.

Tom gets on a table and starts talking. He uses a slightly different line with these people. At Nice, Agnew and Mitchell had had their way let's be in good today. Now they are in and we are in running for office.

Someone asks whether his past hangs as a radical is going to keep his campaign. His answer: What else? (smile) There are eleven and twelve. If you remember, there is something like during Watergate and the war, says Tom, then you won't there. He lets at the CIA, at multinational corporations, at the universities. The bubble has burst, he says, the dream is shattered. People had believed we had a shining mission on the world—to spread democracy, that dream is broken.

I think, as Tom talks, that this is a different world from New York. No one in his right mind would endorse a political hand-over in Washington or Portland Council as a Saturday night, and if he did so we would be proud.

What we believed in now, Tom says, "we were not. What we thought we had, we had lost."

He winds up, saying: What I want is your hope. Give us your hope and your belief. We have to have your spirit.

Many friends, Tom's father-in-law, an introduced briefly, congratulates his daughter, Jim, for her good sense in marrying Tom, and the evening is over. Tom is riding back to Los Angeles with Henry Fonda as my good-bye. He is going to San Francisco early Sunday morning to hold a press conference and release what he calls a very strong statement about the C.I.A. I ride back with some of Tom's associates. They are excited about the campaign. They think it is going well and they say that Tom's beginning is doing some of some money. They believe that they have a chance.

San Francisco. Tom's campaign manager, is new to California. He comes from Chicago and taught at Brooklyn College before joining Tom's Indochina Peace Campaign. He likes the climate of California and the attitude of the people. He thinks they are more to approach with new ideas because they had to ditch themselves from New York in the first place in order

to move to the Coast. That was a big move. Now they have broken their old associations and they are more ready to listen to new things.

We get back to Los Angeles and drive up to the Beverly Hills. One of the young men laughs "It's hard to have driving up here," he says. "I know this hotel so well. This is where they always stayed when he came to the United States. Mary's house I guess he is just his."

There was something about the Hayden campaign that bothered me and later on I talked about this with my son Stephen and his friend Patricia. They live, temporarily they live, in Venice, just south of Hayden's address in Santa Monica. Venice is a kind of run-down artists' and writers' colony on the ocean side of Los Angeles. They are going to California to live a year ago while Patricia gets her doctor's degree in history. They live the lives of exiles from the East Coast, observing California life but hostile to it.

It was interesting to talk with them about Hayden because both had been movement people in the Sixties, part of the great explosion at Columbia.

Now these young people had turned their backs slowly against the dream and the excitement. They had not physical ties with movement people long since. They had turned to their own inner preoccupations, poetry and history, and the protest had begun to feel of making a living. They had not given up a deep skepticism about the system. California had not changed them.

What bothered me about Hayden, I decided, was the glacial quality of his campaign. He was as much against the war, the government, big corporations, the system and all that sort of, as ever. But his rhetoric was infused to transfiguration. This seemed to me to be the California model. Reagan had come along for lower taxes and less government and wound up with the largest taxes on record and an ever-growing government. Governor Brown presented almost the opposite development of a laissez-faire image. I was told by a young Maroon that Brown was far too radical. But Stephen and Patricia had many others. I said I thought he might well be a socialist. What to make of a politician who is seen by half the electorate as a conservative and the other half as a radical? This is a packaging technique supreme and it is a packaging technique that Hayden, I suspect, learned from Brown. Brown, I think, learned it from Reagan.

The package was admirably adapted to the rotten California protest, to people who never see quite certain who they are, who cut their ties with the past when they looked into the mirror at the bar and in the atmosphere for the Coast and single along in the California highways with no real roots of belonging.

People come to California, I say, to get out of the world—wherever world it may be their job, their family, their environment. I wonder if I had nothing like that Brown would have recognized except, perhaps, some of the young people who have turned to historians and men, poets and critics, poets and poets. It is not the mainstream, but even so, it may bring us some reinforcement of spirit.

10. Soar Southwestern

We stop briefly at dinner, seated at a long table in the living room of Dr. Mary Mikane's house on Riverside Street in Culver City, South California. There was a congregation of old and white women, handsome older on the white tablecloth, paintings on the bare walls and a dramatic impression of a World War II era in a well-lit room. Dr. Mikane is a quiet woman and in her floor-length dress green. I thought she looked like an African queen.

I had not known Mary Mikane when I went to the Carnegie in the executive studies of 1968. Something new and new under-

stood was happening. Young blacks, usually from poverty-stricken black colonies, were slipping into Woodworth's and Kimo, sitting down at the counters and respectfully asking to be served. In response the police around the young men and women, loaded them all in pats, and the lunch counters closed their doors. Better to serve no one than to serve a black.

In February, I came south to investigate their present passing phenomenon. I went to North Carolina. The first site had been at Greensboro in February. A protest and riot test at the night of the students and other blacks to demand service at lunch counters and public places of business was starting its long march through the state. I attended a hearing in Raleigh and that evening went to dinner with some of those involved in the case. They were half a dozen of us, black and white, and the first problem was where to eat. We could not go to any hotel or downtown restaurant. Our small group would probably be arrested. Like the young challenges of the urban movement. We finally went to a very nice, very plain restaurant in the "colored" district of Raleigh. It was almost empty. We sat in the back of the room and the black proprietress kept us out nervously. If it was not actually against the law in Raleigh for blacks and whites to eat together in a public place (even in the "colored" section), it was fairly against local custom. If a young couple not near by, there would be serious trouble.



Mary Mikane—one who has endured

Now I am sitting at Mary Mikane's dinner table in Columbia. The guests around the table are members of the black intelligentsia in South Carolina, many from the University of South Carolina at Columbia, where Mary Mikane is now a professor of English, whom from Greensboro, some from late universities, some professional people. And so, another group, or ten groups will join us, some black, some white.

I am struck by the steady self-reliance of my new black acquaintances and I think I know on what it is founded. I know Mary Mikane and I have some knowledge of what her life has been. The other lives after in detail, but all have one common characteristic: they have endured.

Mary Mikane grew up in grinding poverty in the backwoods of Debaron County, North Carolina. Her father was a farmer, but he could not make enough to support his small



Judge and Mrs. Lawrence Brooks—
monuments

was sixty-one December 18, 1955. They stood together like a monument to the Mayflower Compact.

The last time I visited them in their home at Pleasant Bay on Cape Cod was a deep trial that leads from the road off where their house has stood since 1885. Later Judge Brooks went for a row in his boat almost every summer day of his more than nine decades of life and the next day he went sailing in the little boat which has been his favorite for the last fifty years.

The fathers of these remarkable people were contemporaries of James, born two or fifteen years before Hiram's death. But there is nothing antique about the minds of Lawrence and Sue Brooks. There is not an atom of the day which they do not follow with intense interest. There were no straight equations of the Victorian era then the judge and his wife and the first article the judge wrote for the Op-Ed page of *The Times* called upon J. Edgar Hoover to retire because of his advanced age (derogatory). The judge has been a participant in Republican politics since he graduated from Harvard in 1903. Theodore Roosevelt was his hero. He thought T.R. was the "McGovern of his day." Judge Brooks thinks T.R. was the superior of F.D.R., "that tricky man," but confesses that T.R. was too vain and did not keep him from greatness.

As for the future, the judge says, he is a pessimist. He feels bad from his chest. We would, he supposed, muddle through somehow but it would take time and it would not be easy. The lack of public morality could not be brushed under the rug. When he thought of Saint-Gaudens' statue in the Boston Courthouse, dedicated to the black represents that fought in the Civil War and looked at what was going on among the Southerners, this was the worst. "He thinks that Boston should come to that."

On a cool autumn day I stand before the Saint-Gaudens statue behind in the State House and in golden dome, the name whose stern Hiram had finished "in the capital" on a rainy November 30, 1875, one hundred sixty years before me. I walk over and inspect Saint-Gaudens' work. It is a bas relief of Robert Gould Shaw, the commander of the black 54th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, formed in February, 1863, with his troops. Shaw is mounted and someone has brushed his horse with a heart in blue rayon. Each man's uniform bears a white star pinned to

Man and the saddleleirns are edged in Man. It is not a deprecament, rather it has barely touch applied by some street artist to relieve the heavy black of Saint-Gaudens' work. Beneath the statue three young people sit, two girls and a boy, workers from the State House or sightseers. They shift their places so that I can read down the words engraved there. Death for Noble Rains Makes Dying Sweet . . .

Now the people in complete. I have returned Hiram's insights and those of the family that inspired me. I have followed my own path from Minnesota out over the countryside which has been the domain of my reporting for the past quarter of a century.

What have I found? Not much of the physical world of Hiram and the first generation after the Revolution and only fragments of those middle years of pioneering that served the continent to America's use. The frontier and the mills vanish quickly in America. We have reveled the land. We have treated some of our people. I have found dark stains on the nation's fabric, pervasion and alienation, bitterness at lack of leadership, at the "Big," as Robert Rly has said.

But that is only part of the role. The farther I have traveled the more bright chips from the monuments of the past have turned up. No one can move through the gray state of mid-America and fail to be uplifted. No one can talk to the possessors of the Minnesota spirit without catching its spark. I never expect to make peace with the new direction of Pauline but I cannot ignore its sense of high adventure. Nor does New York resemble a dying city when I plunge into its depths and find men like Father Forney leaping light to dark streets. The bloody heritage of the South now propounds an urgent lesson for the heart of heart and the fields of purgatory, black and white. If Birmingham can light its houses there is hope for us all. And next this City upon a Hill, now branding is rather better, there still live Lawrence and Sue Brooks.

I have in a letter that came to me out of the lake, postmarked Singapore, a few months ago, writing by a young American who has read my book *To Praise and Beyond*. He has lived in New England and Oklahoma and often crossed the country by air. He went to Malaysia as a Peace Corps volunteer. He writes about his fellow Peace Corps members, not all young. One is seventy-one.

There is, he says, a quiet, unshared spirit in most of these people. "That spirit, a powerful."

"It was," he says, "largely in red blood in our language revolution when our foundation aimed at the impossible by stating: All men are created equal and have certain inalienable rights."

His friends, he says, are conservatives, radicals, middlemen. They are environmentalists and entrepreneurs, scientists and capitalists.

"They are of every race," he writes, "they are all as different, yet all of us share something else which is quiet, unshared. It is what makes us Americans. We all believe, or at least a large percentage do, that we are created equal and man is free to be ourselves. Although we might agree in the same way of agreeing on some issue or other, we respect each other and go to sleep in no hate but in friendship after argument."

"We are not defeated despite the permanent new public attempt to subvert our spirit."

De Tocqueville said that in 1835:

"Future events, whatever they may be, will not deprive the Americans of their dreams of their island seas, their great rivers or their embankment soil. Nor will bad laws, revolutions and scarcely be able to obliterate that love of property and spirit of enterprise which seem to be the distinctive characteristics of their race or extinguish altogether the knowledge that guides them on their way."

I think T.E. just let it stand at that. I cannot better catch the mood of our Americans as they step forward into Century Three. I see, as I hope, an outpost. So in America. —

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ROGER KAHN

Larry O'Brien: Rebounding from Camelot

I shudder like at first to see him sitting in an office at the National Basketball Association, even though his is the most imposing office and the N.B.A. is the bastion of basketball leagues. He is Lawrence F. O'Brien, out of Springfield, Massachusetts, grand old law school professor, the Democrats' brave professional, and, more than that, a man who grew up with the old-fashioned belief that fired the best of old American politics. If you make a society better, not only the society but the people in it will become better, too.

He was a politician for so long that he can remember when that term was not, all by itself, an obscenity. For all the years, at fifty-eight he still speaks of politics as a calling. Politics has shaped O'Brien's life and his life in turn has contributed to the history of an era—from John Kennedy to Watergate. O'Brien summarizes the time in a splendid political memoir called *No Final Victory*.

He helped Kennedy win a Senate seat in 1960 and during the victory party he found his wife Elva in tears.

"Why?" he said.

"For Adlai," Elva said. "Because even though Jack won, Adlai lost."

He ran much of Kennedy's campaign in 1960 and then signed on to steer Kennedy's legislative through a Congress that was dominated by southern Democrats, northern Republicans, and geriatrics. "Camelot," he says. "I never knew any Camelot. I knew hard-day work and sleepless-weekend days."

He sat with Kennedy after the Bay of Pigs and heard the President rail against the generals and administrators whom Adlai had poured him toward failure. "Camelot is the only way now," John Kennedy said. "I've got to go out and tell people that I'm new here and that I make a mistake." A few speeches later, Kennedy's popularity was again rising. "I don't know if you ever really are afraid of cancer in Washington these days," O'Brien says. "The economic situation is serious, and what do we get? Ford saying, I've got the veto. Congress saying, We'll override. Both sides playing games, not conducting an issue—a powerful de-

pression—that is damn desperately important."

After Kennedy's discovery that brain cells at about primitive level, he was able to contend with the Nineties of October, but narrowly. As confirmation lay within a day of delivering itself, O'Brien here wrote an eulogy for Elva marked top secret. Should nuclear war erupt, O'Brien was to fly immediately to a shelter underneath a Maryland mountain. This eulogy contained disaster instructions for his wife. "She opened it," O'Brien says. "Because Elva doesn't believe in secrets." Inside she found a stalker, married official, which she could offer to her wind-blown as Russian missiles hurtled toward Washington. Nothing more.



"With a million panicked people trying to get out of the city," I said, "that stalker might not have been too much help, Larry."

"Elva doesn't let me forget it," O'Brien said.

Imagines, then, all those politicians and diplomats and generals, saved from fallout underneath a Maryland mountain in 1960, and left to repopulate these dark days of a nation through Jacqueline.

O'Brien was at Dallas when Kennedy was murdered and he stayed with Lyndon Johnson, when others fled, to push further liberal legislation. "Madness," he says, "was twenty years late. Should have come in Harry Truman's time. But I fought the A.M.A. and we got something. Civil rights. One hundred years late, but we used a backbone to cut some chains that are broken permanently." A slight sigh. "All this

was unfortunately clouded over by Vietnam."

He ran Robert Humphrey's campaign in 1964 and the McGovern campaign of 1972 and at length found himself not so much a politician as a target. O'Brien was the prime individual victim of Richard Nixon's hushings. He was Democratic national chairman when the Watergate burglars struck. His own apartment was ransacked by Nixon's people. John Ehrlichman ordered Internal Revenue agents not simply to audit O'Brien's returns but to "put O'Brien in jail."

"Obviously, I was naive," he says. "I couldn't believe what was going on. Ehrlichman worked in the state White House office that I had used in all my years there. It never crossed my mind to pick up a phone and tell the J.B.S. or Edgar Hoover or Richard Helms to get anybody. Some people regard Watergate as politics as usual, but it was not politics as usual. It was an unprecedented abuse of power."

"Put O'Brien in jail." Those are Ehrlichman's words. What was the purpose behind them? O'Brien spoke calmly now and with hot anger. "If you put the Democratic chairman in jail—say kept looking for party funds in my personal accounts—you have taken the first step toward destroying the Democratic party. And that is what these bastards wanted. To eliminate the Democratic party. When you do that, you stop national elections from meaning anything. Nixon and his crew stay in power indefinitely. That's what they wanted. To establish a one-party system. Watergate was the first step."

O'Brien has an open Irish face, with brown hair brushed straight back and red capriciousness that have recently replaced his old born-rim. His manner is serene and direct and genial and commanding and he knows when to leave something unsaid. He did not grant that it was Ehrlichman and not O'Brien who seemed headed toward prison.

"I do disagree," O'Brien said. "I know Jerry Ford's not attitude toward New York. It's a Grand Rapids attitude. It's full of auto-the-Euro-Apple crap. I worked with Everett St. Germain and Charley Hallack and they had their attitudes and they'd

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rip as on the face of Caesar. And we'll fly him. But after the usual was resolved, you could reach them, talk to them over a martini. I've known Ford for years. I've never found a way to reach him, over a martini or anywhere else. I learned about a bunch of pressure is in the Catholic Church and I understood that Ford wants New York to do pin-asses. Well, I never heard of a pressure that simply said, Drop dead!" O'Brien laughs with a snort. "It's true that Jerry Ford is a death-seeking fellow. If he were your neighbor, not the President, you could like him."

I mentioned other politicians, Kennedy for an elite, and Stevenson for his eloquence.

O'Brien took off his cigarettes and lit a cigarette and asked a question that answered itself. "Was it really better then or is it only that we've gotten older and we realize that things were better?" Then he was off talking basketball with great enthusiasm.

The rulers of the National Basketball Association sought out O'Brien for commissioner last spring, even as McGovern had sought him in 1972. In neither case did O'Brien respond with much enthusiasm. He liked basketball—practically the Boston Celtics—as a fan. He remembers Bob Cousy and Bill Russell working their backcourt magic in the Boston Garden and he was, he says, the only basketball fan in the top levels of the Kennedy regime. The other people went for baseball or football. When O'Brien took an apartment in New York in 1969, he bought a pair of tennis tickets to watch the Knickerbockers.

"I never thought of becoming the commissioner," he says. "After a few weeks I still didn't know if I wanted the job. I didn't want to sit in an awkward rooming office, but I had plenty of things going. So in the end, I could take this job without any preconditions. The answer has absolutely no hold on me."

In his first week, he had to rule on the George McGovern affair. The Knickerbockers had signed McGovern from the American Basketball Association, although under N.B.A. regulations McGovern could negotiate only with Philadelphia. Apparently, the Deputy of McGovern was Geraldine, the president, was that everyone would recognize the need for a winning team in New York. To O'Brien, that was a converse to Jerry Ford—love-the-Rip-Apple crap. He confirmed his own powers, the interest of the N.B.A. owners that he was courting Michael Burke. He remembers

the response at the meeting. Deep silence. The owners had loved themselves a man who would not only reign, but rule.

"Since I came in without having to make any deals," O'Brien said, "I'm sure I'm making the role of a commissioner. As I see it, I have three obligations. The owners have put up the money for their franchises and they're entitled to a stable league. I'm going to work for that with television contracts and everything else. But I'm not working for the owners. I have an obligation to the players. The way the owners run this, the players risk their bodies. I've done a fair survey. The average salary of an N.B.A. player is one hundred thousand dollars a year. To hockey the figure is about seventy thousand. In football, it's in the forties, and in baseball it's somewhat lower. About sixty percent of the N.B.A. receipts now go to player salaries, so salaries can't go much higher. But there are other areas, notably pensions, where there can be improvement. Finally, my obligation is to the fan. This has been a balanced league, five different champions in the last five years. The fans are entitled to competition and courtesy and consideration. The fans are always the people who pick up the tab."

A phase of litigation is under way and looming. The big one is a suit by the players' union to eliminate the N.B.A. draft; that is, the system through which teams pick college stars in rotation order of finish. For the fans, the draft has merit because it insures competition and prevents a rich team, like the Knicks, from chronically dominating, as the old Yankees dominated baseball. But for the players, the draft prevents problems, particularly now when the rival American Basketball Association seems on the verge of folding. The players and their lawyers will lose much of their bargaining power when that happens, and the average annual \$13,000 salary will surely decline.

This is the stuff of appeals to the Supreme Court, which up to now has left the interests of sport and entertainment slightly more confusing than it was before the Court was asked to make definitions. The Burger Court is rather less than a glory of liberal jurisprudence, but the players' union is privately keen to be in court to pursue its suit as far as he has to, because he believes he can win.

O'Brien talks the best at least on a week. "The best thing," he says, "would be a settlement out of court. In arbitral law, you always have the rule of reason. I'm hoping

that we can apply that to our negotiations."

Sometimes I've thought of composing an article on the failure of sport to keep ambulatory legends in the business. Why, I wonder, doesn't football make a job for Paul Hornsey as baseball did work for Joe DiMaggio, beyond playing outfield in old-timers' games.

Larry O'Brien suggests a variation on the theme. With the Kennedys dead, Yacht and Waterbury, he knows the tale of woe, but his belief in a two-party system persists, along with his sense that the society and the people in it can be made greater. Why, I wonder, does politics take a form like that? It is a pleasure to welcome him to sport, but it is also sad to see all that energy, enthusiasm, candor, practicality and idealism confined to the world of jump shots.

O'Brien is basketball and Ford in the White House? If there is a God, he has an irresponsible sense of humor. ■

Arnold Gingrich

(Continued from page 8) It would make if this element of support were withdrawn and the arts were forced into a pay-as-you-go basis. Opera tickets, high as they are now, would be pushed up to forty dollars, symphony to thirty, and ballet to twenty-four, and museum admissions, still held at least within the upper reaches of normal, would rise to a level ten to fifteen for general admission and two-fifty for students.

Quite literally, we are being subjected to the point of welfare whenever we attend a performance of opera or ballet, or a symphony concert, or our tickets for admission—except in such annual instances as hundred-dollar-a-head benefits—no more than from thirty to fifty percent of the way toward meeting all the costs of the performance. If we had to create something like food stamps or a form of hard-money scrip, the plight of the arts would be brought home to us more forcibly and we might feel more directly concerned with the need for increasing their support.

But, bad as the situation still is, and for many arts organizations across the country it is shockingly bad, it is heartening to find that the strengthening interest and increasing participation in this annual business in the Arts Awards Competition reflects a spreading awareness throughout the business of the importance of the arts and importance of supporting the arts. ■



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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Eight years ago, Esquire gave William Nolen M.D. his beginning in journalism. The *Appendix Is Where You Find It* was the first piece he'd ever contributed to a large-circulation magazine, and Nolen went on to expand it into *The Wifery of a Surgeon*, the best-selling account of the author's medical training, a book now in its twelfth printing. Of all that we are justly proud; but at the following we are truly bewitched: last year we thought we'd brought in an odd William Nolen's career, not just as writer, not just as doctor, but as living person alive. In March of '74, Nolen was assigned *The Artist*; the article on page 28. It was to be an assessment of coronary-bypass surgery, about which Nolen had some professional doubts. He wrote the piece, arriving at the conclusion that bypass surgery is a good but riskier proposition, and the potential as new crossroads and the matter side. Shortly after submitting the piece, Nolen discovered

he was suffering from serious heart disease. But his research had supplied him with the answer: he decided to undergo bypass surgery. We are relieved to report he's doing fine, winning as many acts of Decca as before.

"It was really lucky I'd written



Dr. Nolen, post-morgue

the article before the trouble," Dr. Nolen confesses. "If I hadn't, it's all probability I would be dead now." Talk about New Journalism.

David Reynolds met Peter Collier years ago in California, and both went on to become journalists involved in radical causes. Each was fascinated by the Rockefeller family, seeing the clan as the best way to understand the aberrations of wealth in America. Neither knew just how to document the observations, particularly as the family in by corporate America. Then, says Collier, "It occurred to us with the focus of an epiphany—my God! We knew some of these people! They were acquainted with several of the Crozes as a result of fund-raising campaigns. We were able to talk to them," Collier reports. "Since we had their sympathy, we were able to gain access to the family archives in Rockefeller Center."

They embarked on two and a half years of research which culminated in a major unorthodox chronicle called *The Rockefeller*; an American Dynasty, from which the excerpt on page 124 is drawn. The book will be published March 30 by Holt, Rine-

hart. It is a main selection for spring by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

"It isn't an exposé," says author Collier, "more a family epic. In a literary sense the Rockefeller family provided the potential of combining *The Godfather* with *The Private Days*." When asked about the personal effect of the research, Reynolds replied, "I wouldn't want to be a Rockefeller. Wealth doesn't values. I couldn't have said that before this."

Illustrator Patricia Dryden marries in. "Two years ago I started in New York with two hundred dollars in my pocket. I'd reached the stage of tying rags around my feet, securing them with rubber bands, selling matches—well, almost that had." Dryden, twenty-five years old, married and married *Five Phases*, the social commentary that begins on page 91. Are there really people like this at large? "The idea came from looking at Vegas," murmurs Dryden. "But I was there on the street all the time, especially Broadway. It's the strangest street in the world, with the strangest people. What are they living for?"

A few words about some of the names behind the report: page 100, Calvin Trillin travels for a living, but living near the U.S. Journal column that appears regularly in *The New Yorker*. The position has brought him close enough to who he's traveled in America it all about. He has developed an appreciation for those veterans. They include being fired at the Berlin counter, being allowed to carry both a typewriter and suitcase on board, accompanying with all the baggage kept in first class, getting through the mouth of March without being stomped on anywhere.

Despite her passionate dislike of one of the world's nearest neighbors (*The World Asunder* is a *Warrior* in *One More*, page 181), Kelly Jojo is one Texan who has come home to stay. "The battles here are still worth fighting. I love Texas; it's so damn big the ground!"

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Media NORA EPHRON

Twelve years on the assassination beat

Hugh Ayresworth and Bob Deady work at a little office out of the city room of *The Dallas Times Herald*, and things were running fairly normally there the day I dropped in to see them. A woman had just telephoned to say that she'd been for a fact that Jack Ruby's brass had been controlled by a television station near the Dallas airport. The day before, a little mob in high-heeled sneakers had come by, whispered about some inside information he'd deemed to have, and finally concluded that the Jews had killed President Kennedy.

Deady, twenty-five, was in the eighth grade when John F. Kennedy was shot. He is now in the assassination beat, and he is still a little amazed by the people he meets on it. He, Ayresworth, forty-four, has been covering the story in and off since November 22, 1963, and nothing has been as dramatic as "In 1963 one of the most bizarre looks came out," he says, "but by the time Jim Garrison started in in 1964 and 1967, even the tired ones were getting into it. People used to be avoided in this. I've heard first or six people come and they were part of a conspiracy to kill Kennedy—only it turns out they were in jail, or in a theory in Atlanta, at the time. There were about five hundred people in Dealey Plaza that day. In twenty years, there'll be ten thousand."

The day of the assassination, Ayresworth was working as a senior and writer editor of *The Dallas Morning News*. He had to walk over and have a look at the President's motorcade. He was standing off-center in the School Book Depository when he heard three shots. "I thought the first one was a misfire," he says, "but by the time I heard the second, I knew what it was. People started reacting in a very violent way. They threw their children down and started screaming. There was one big black woman who had been killed to death because she was wearing a jacket from the same color as Jackie Kennedy's. She threw up within five seconds of the shot."

After a while, Ayresworth saw a group of people running toward the Depository building. "On the fifth

floor we saw three black guys pointing up in the air from the window. There were FBI cars and a radio car. And then a funny thing happened. Then shoots what had been so far for you. There was a longtime police reporter for *The Dallas News* there named Jim Ewell. The FBI was working up close by floor in the Depository building, and here comes a call over the radio: 'This is a citizen, an officer's been shot.' It was on Tenth Street, three or four miles away I said to Ewell, 'You stay here, I'll go after that one!' He stayed, and of course he saw no one. I ran off with two TV guys and a Chevrolet light news car, and we go to the Tippett building. Then a call comes in that there was something going on at the Texas Theater. I got there,



and there was Jim Ewell, and I said, 'Jim, you take the upstairs and I'll take the downstairs.' Turned out Oswald was downstairs. I just got there in time, Oswald came up with his fist, which had a gun in it, and charged McDonald, and the other guy jumped him from the back.

"Within a few minutes of that, I got a tip from someone at the police station about the two addresses in Oswald's wallet. We went tearing over to the Elmhurst address, where he wasn't living—I burst in on some woman and his girl shackled up together. Then we went to 1068 Beckley, where he actually lived. We were twenty minutes behind the FBI. There was that little old room, it couldn't have been more than eight by ten. The only thing they left in it was a broken pen."

"On Sunday morning, Jim Ewell had the assignment at the jail, but

he got a flat tire on the way. I went over just to see what was going on and saw Ruby left Oswald. It was pure luck that I saw it and he missed it all. He feels awkward, I'm sure."

Today Jim Ewell is still a police reporter in Dallas, and Hugh Ayresworth—well, Ayresworth is still a reporter, too, but he is also an old sort of fanatic in the assassination, the journalist who has spent more time on the story than any other. He is a walking compendium of names of FBI agents, New Orleans informants, assistant district attorneys, bus drivers and cabbies. He was the first reporter to point Oswald's diary and he sat shivers with Jack Ruby's family.

Ayresworth has also been romantically involved in the Clay Shaw trial that one of his dreams influenced the outcome of the case. "Suddenly one night I awakened out of a nightmare," he told James Kirkwood, author of *Assassins Anonymous*. He had dreamed that District Attorney James Garrison produced a surprise witness who came in "and sat down and captivated the jury, winning the case hands down." He was so shaken by the dream that he wrote a letter to Shaw's lawyer, urging him to hire a private detective to investigate one of Garrison's witnesses, a dapper man named Charles Spence who claimed he had heard Shaw discuss the possibility of assassinating Kennedy. The detective discovered that Spence had filed a sixteen-million-dollar lawsuit charging the New York police and a psychiatrist with harassing him and preventing him from having normal sexual relations; the information was crucial in discrediting Spence's testimony.

In some way, of course, Ayresworth is probably as skilled about the assassination as some of the gossamer-cracy people who come to see him. Unlike them, though—and unlike most of the buffs—he continues to believe that John F. Kennedy was killed by Lee Harvey Oswald, acting alone. "I sort of feel like a damn fool," he says. "There's nobody on earth who'd rather prove a conspiracy than me. I'd love to write it—if there was any damn thing that made me believe it." It's an odd position: investigative reporters try to bring complacency to light; Ayresworth

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has spent much of his time knocking them down.

"Let me tell you how the story about Oswald's being an F.B.I. informant got started," he said. "There was a tale in Oswald's papers with the name James Hooley as it. Hooley was an F.B.I. agent, and in the biographing we thought Oswald was some kind of a spy or past informant. I worked the F.B.I. files and we laid down everything you could imagine. I even got Hooley's phone records. I called the phone company and I just asked, 'How do you get phone records if you've made it? I never actually said I was Hooley—she just assumed I was, and she used them. Anyway, we couldn't put it together except for these interviews where Hooley had come to see Marina. And that's where Louise Hinkle came along."

"Louise Hinkle was on *The Houston Post*, and he'd been sent to Dallas to work on the story. He called me up all the time, he would bug me and give me all these tips that were wrong. I just didn't want to be bugging me anymore. So one day he called up and said, 'You hear anything about this F.B.I. link with Oswald?' I'd just about had it. I said to him, 'You got my parcel number, don't you?' 'Yeah, yeah,' said Louise. I reached over to my desk, and there was a Telex number on a telegram, 5 172. I think it was, and I laid it to Louise. 'Yeah, yeah,' he said, 'That's that.' That's the same one I've got.' Louise could see the moon coming out at high noon." The number eventually became part of the lore of the assassination.

Aynesworth played on *The News* until 1966, did some work for *Life*, and was on the staff of *Newsmag* from 1967 to 1974. The story would die down for a while and then drop up again. "Something was always coming up," he said. "Each time we bought the Manchester book, so *Life* felt it had to have something to counteract it. They put an investigative team on it, and in 1990 they were flying around. They moved to New Orleans and worked with Garrison, did a lot of investigation for *Wine Week* Funcher, the San Francisco business chief, comes up with a little tag from New Orleans, a short-order cook who told him a story about Oswald and Ruby being seen in New Orleans as lovers, and then at the Y.M.C.A. in Dallas. He moved a great tale. Funcher didn't know enough to know whether it was good, so he told him in New York to run it by Dallas and see what Hugh Davis

"We put a motel room at the Executive Inn out by the airport, and we taped this story, and he really

had it down. There was no way I could break him. I was beginning to wonder myself. He was going on and on, he'd even been swimming, bugging and knowing, and he said they'd even tried to rape him. Finally I looked at him and said, 'Wasn't that a terrible case on Ruby's leg, that shark bite?' 'Which leg was it an, anyway?' He said, 'It was the right leg.' He took a pause. 'No,' he said, 'it was the left leg. I remember now,' I said, 'The little son of a bitch, he didn't have a scar on his leg.' He started crying. I felt sorry for him—he'd been pouring a good bit of money for his story."

Last year, after working a spell as a private investigator, Aynesworth joined *The Texas Herald* and began working with Dickey. They make an interesting pair: Aynesworth is stocky and square, Dickey is lean and lanky-faced; Aynesworth is disarmed, Dickey is a compulsive like keeper. Aynesworth works the phone, Dickey writes *The Texas Herald*, under the byline of its publisher Tom Johnson, broke the story last fall of the threatening letter Oswald wrote to the F.B.I. prior to the assassination. Aynesworth and Dickey did much of the research and wrote the backup stories. Their backup story, both agree, was a monstrosity that took them weeks to put together. An F.B.I. clerk named William Walker, who was working in the New Orleans office in 1963, told them

that five days before the assassination he saw a Teletype saying there would be an assassination attempt in Dallas and that no one had done anything about it.

"When we first talked to him on the phone," Dickey said, "we were both extremely excited. The guy was very convincing."

"We interviewed him twenty-some times," said Aynesworth, "and we talked to everybody who ever knew him."

"We got red flags everywhere," said Dickey.

"We gave him a polygraph," said Aynesworth, "and he didn't pass it."

"We never could get the one bit of information that proved it or disproved it," said Dickey.

"When we were three weeks into it," Aynesworth said, "CBS got onto it. Dan Rather called and asked me what I thought. I said, 'I'm ninety percent sure he's lying, but I'm not sure.' They did some flim with him, chartered a plane to get it out, and over seven days and I were back and forth on the phone. I gave him the results of the polygraph—with Walker's permission. Finally, CBS went with it—but in a very positive manner. So we came back with a detailed, mature study. Knocking these stories down is no good—but you have to do it. There's a lack of willingness in this business to say that nothing is there. Especially after a few bucks have been spent."

TIME BARRIER

*sheets his mouth open and again
It always has hair under the crystal,
and it always says the day has a long way to go
to die heavy and,
He always where it ends, in which reward
among all the things have longer—
so many million days it took for a white seal
and he pulled over, for a cut, for a daughter:
He took time off to send his son a note
when the day had cut his wants and asked for a hint,
tune off from forever ending here,
round and round the gentleman's chair,
slipping away so that no man could be Apollo
or Adams, but just another regular guy
In his private the bachelor changed,
and chasing women, drinking here,
eating too much pie.
He got rid of the best row of blackheads
on his nose
pinned like one of his father's knee fields,
so clear a mark as a gangster's fingerprint.
So he kept his nose clean the next twenty years
and that without notice
only because he didn't know how to feel it.*

—DARRY RAY

the Sunshine Boys

"SUPER ENTERTAINMENT"

—Gene Shalit, NBC-TV Today Show

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There is a reason there are only a handful of reporters working the Kennedy assassination—and that is that a lot of smart reporters have kept as far away from it as is possible. This is a story that begs for hundreds of investigators, subpoena power, forensic experts, grants of immunity. It's also a story that requires slogging through twenty-seven volumes of the Warren Commission report and dozens of books on the assassination. A lot of people are dead. Some of the ones who are alive have changed their stories. The whole thing is a mess. And while it's not likely that Ayresworth and Dinsley will get to the bottom of it—that would be a little like shooting a bear with a III gun—it's nice to know they are still down there in Dallas playing away.

"The other night I was at a party," Bob Dinsley said, "and we were talking about certain great events that shaped the lives of people my age. The emergence of the Berlin and the Vietnam war were obvious influences. And I said that I thought the assassination of Kennedy was a big influence—and as soon as I said it I corrected myself. Oswald's death was more an influence than Kennedy's. Had he lived, so much more would have come out. His death left us a legacy of suspicion and doubt that's turned in on everybody. It's unusual. Such a neurotic little man, who was really such a loser, you know, and he's left a very profound influence. The country would have recovered from the death of John Kennedy, but it hasn't recovered yet from the death of Lee Harvey Oswald and probably never will." ■

NOF THE PAPER BOY REMEMBERS MRS. GREEN

*At the screen door
a pretty woman just
married and in shorts
on a Saturday in May,
she was sweet to me
when I came up to collect,
offered me something cold
to drink.*

*which I refused
for the sake of drinking
the whole summer I was
twisted about what it
would be like some
morning to walk
upfly into
that lady's
kitchen.*

—David Henson



1970, A FRAGRANCE IS CREATED FOR A WOMAN WHO IS SURE OF HERSELF.

Guerlain introduces Chamade. It's purely female. Deep, rich and sensuous.

It is a fragrance for a woman who doesn't care about pleasing anyone but herself. And if you think that life is somewhat narcissistic, perhaps it is. But all real love starts here. You can't really love another unless you yourself feel worthy of love.

CHAMADE
by Guerlain



SOUND AND FURY

What a goad!

I was shocked to see that the reggae and lyrics of *The Tale of the Oyster* (November) were published with the erroneous information that they were previously unrecorded and never performed except by Bobby Short.

I discovered this song in 1964 and, with Cole Porter's approval, recorded it with Kaye Ballard. It is on my Cole Porter Remastered album, *Portrait of a Legend*. It has been in print ever since then and is available in most record stores throughout the country. It was released last year on the RCA label in the United Kingdom and Ireland.

It was performed by Miss Ballard in my revue *The Dishes and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter*, which ran in New York for fifteen months, and later came by her replacement, Dody Goodman.

Recent little-theater productions of this revue have taken place in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and in San Antonio, Texas, and it is currently being performed at the Shenandoah College and University of Music in Winchester, Virginia.

I'd greatly appreciate having the record set straight.
Ben Rayley
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Let it be known that Mr. Rayley, Miss Ballard, and Mr. Porter, of course, knew a host of fans who have written similar corrections of what was a very dank mistake. We're sorry.

Truman declines

Truman Capote's *Le Côté Rouge*, 1965 (November), from his *Answered Prayers*, may be the answer to your prayers, but not to mine. Capote has spent too much time under the table peering up women's skirts, a position hardly conducive to producing literature. As a technical expert I could advise that only the bottom sheet would have been bedewed, and that only slightly, unless the lady were having a heteroskage, in which case she would be nonrefractory.

Barry Swoyer Darling
Van Nuys, Calif.

Free writers, including the venerable Sternthal and Teltow, can interfere atmosphere of place and inner atmosphere of character as well as Truman Capote. He did it in *Mojo*.

Now in *Le Côté Rouge*, 1965 he's done it again. Cheers to *Mojo* for publishing it and cheers to a great modern master.
Samuel Jones
Thousand Oaks, Calif.

Okay, *Esquire*, shut up. The author of *Le Côté Rouge*, 1965 was really Rex Reed Right!
Michael Swafford
Kansas City, Mo.

I thoroughly enjoyed Truman Capote's sample from his new novel in the November *Esquire* and eagerly look forward to the further installments promised, but I sincerely hope that the next time you will not print Capote's text on that cynical middle-ground paper. Plain type on plain white stock, that's what we need for reader's matter, save your fancy layouts for the fiction pages or anything else.
Ray Andrew Miller
Seattle, Wash.

Whose Muggerside?

Michael Muggerside's article commentary on books and current events was always interesting. His dissenting opinions were an admirable counterpoint to the flood state of our time. Thank you for publishing him for twelve years.

Joseph Morris
Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Muggerside is presently at work completing his memoir, and if all goes according to plan, *Esquire* will be publishing further installments.

Poe Brownmiller

The respect I've had up to now for Ann Stafford has been eroded by her slighted review of Susan Brownmiller's book *Against Our Will* (November). Among Stafford's factual errors (to say nothing of the tawdry "taste and merit of merit" that the accurate Brownmiller off): the "Our" stands not for "unhappiness" but for "men and women," which Stafford could easily have dimmed if she had bothered to read the book's subtitle, and if she had noted that Brownmiller also discusses the rape of men by men. Nowhere does Brownmiller imply that Kenneth Tilton's murder was justified. Stafford's refusal to join the "unhappiness" in both positions and positions as in *Le Côté Rouge* has been extended. Whatever

Brownmiller's drawbacks as a writer, her book is important. Here's an "aggravated" observation (a bit of "anxious paragon") to which Stafford would do best to object: perhaps you need someone younger to review books, someone who at least can figure out what the somewhat awkward word "politicized" means.
Felix Ross
New York, N.Y.

The cookie papers (cont.)

I was delighted to read *The Story of O* . . . two in the September issue of *Esquire*. I must correct one misquoting. The designer of the Oreo as it looks today, William A. Turner, is alive and well, brags out his retirement in Newark, New Jersey. He is my father.

For a goodly chunk of the electrified-plus years (1920-1970) that my father worked for Nabisco, his entire workday was dedicated to the designing of new, and the redesigning of old, cookies. Although the Oreo predates the commencement of his employment there, the present rendition of the Oreo design, with the twelve little flowers, the dot and line arrangement and serrated edge, is principally the work of my father, who in recognition of his work was presented at his retirement with the original die of the present Oreo encased in a plastic block.

Last, you think that this is an easy and totally pleasant way to earn a living. I can assure that it can have its trying moments. I am sure many of us can recall when Nabisco animal crackers were a work of art, with long graceful legs and slender necks and tails which all too often broke off in shipping. An endless stream of complaints from the parents of children who on occasion found few if any unbroken animal crackers resulted in a decision being made at high levels that the animals must be given squatty, short necks, tails which completely rested on their bodies and legs fixed in 90-degree angles. The job of carrying out this cruel task fell to my father.

I think that Nancy should recall that, unlike Mike Nichols, all three of my father's children and all of his grandchildren follow the accepted art of first spilling the Oreo and eating the icing before eating the chocolate crackers. The designer himself, however, does not eat the cookie like you, William T. Turner
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Considering all I'd heard, I decided to either quit or smoke True. I smoke True.

The low tar, low nicotine cigarette. Think about it.

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Lee A complete wardrobe

Esquire



It was in sitting for the composition of this aluminum life mask that poet James Dickey was temporarily blinded. Sculptor William Dunklap, artist in residence at Appalachian State University, was forming the plaster cast when calcium seeped through to Mr. Dickey's eyes and produced an alkaline burn that scalded the corneas. The poet was raced from Boone, North Carolina, to Johnson City, Tennessee, for medical treatment that saved his vision. The experience, which left him sightless for several hours, contributed to the store of feeling from which the poet's second novel proceeds.

Cahill Is Blind

by James Dickey

The opening passage of the poet's first fiction since the novel *Deliverance*

The wind pulled back, the sound of a large section inside the tent, and then, at a distance fairly far off in day or night, caused itself to be visible and shifting, a strange tilt in it. Distorted came, and it started once more toward him, gaining a velocity that made him hunker down under the three quilts as all the breath of the world flew straight down on the corner of someone's house, tried this time to retreat, and died spinning.

He lay there in the gold shuttle, waiting for the dog head. After he was relaxed and warm enough for the next surge—surely from a different wind, one with a whole new range of movements and tactics—

it did not come. He reached his feet in the far-lined glove, took off the glove, and touched himself between the eyes, in the exact middle of the wild-flying shuttle, the gold specks beating with an immense silent force that gave a new meaning to the speed of light. He was getting used, now, to seeing them fly silently, night or day, whether he slept or was awake, whether he sat or stood something or ate. The gold specks were themselves: they would not form anything solid. A few among them now and then faded, trailing off the screen, and there were tinges with pink.

He lifted his face and there was no difference. He closed them again and rested, his thumb and

several fingers on both lids where he could feel the countless writhing of the eyelids as they tried of themselves to follow what could not be followed. A clock below him trusted time as what must have been the hallway of the house: four intervals of spaced meals. He knew a little about where he was, and now pretty much when.

"Zach," he said.

He heard something that could only have been the winging of

Earlier this year, Doubleday will publish James Dickey's new four poem *Zodiac*. Mr. Dickey is the poetry editor of *Esquire* and the recipient of a National Book Award in Poetry for *Deliverance's* *Chorus*.



far from the floor. Between the gusts of wind there was a knitting-off, as he judged, about ten feet. The black-chalk of benefits—leisurely and sure—came toward him, until the animal breath flowed over Cabell's face. From under the covers, at the throat from his inner self, he lifted his right hand, and the dog head was there. With his thumb, Cabell felt for the eyes.

Slowly, through the nose bar, his thumb came to rest on the nostril. The dog could flatter under the inadequate pressure, but Zack did not move away. Then Cabell felt the battie rise and come down the line of the jaw. The teeth were clamped; the way they fitted together with the tension set in the bone as deeply as stones in the rock of a mountain was reassuring, the word of God.

He ran his palm down the thick side of the dog, pleased to think that sparks of dog fur might have entered into the ceaseless sparks that had ignited behind his eyes three months before.

The ladder was building up. "Lie down, Zack. Right there would be all right."

Cabell tapped. Sleep, if he could reach it, would do something about his distress. But sleep did not come. He sat up, and his underwear drew to him, clumsy with his fatigue.

He swung slowly, proting

to his right, and put his feet down toward the door. He must have hit Zack, for a low apical snarl came from the black room. Where was the door that enclosed him in a strangeness of safety and now threatened to explode his lower gut? He stood, and there was a slight sensation of things moving around him in curious patterns. He put his hand in front of him and took a step, and then two—then three.

The wall was in his head. It was cold and pitted, and it had to contain the door. Three months ago he had no idea what the fingertips could know, nor how much power it could yield. Cabell moved both hands along the wall, under the forehead rail of the right hand and swinging the left hand forward at waist height. He found the creck that separated the wall from the door and found the doorknob at the same instant, and a wave of force went through him that he had not felt before. The gold shreds of sparks were stuff blinder, and he momentarily believed that the intensity of its blindness would explode.

split the darkness from his eyes, and that he would erupt back into the world of seeing: would see the wall and the door, would move completely to whither window there was and then behold—not see—the winter moon of North Carolina.

Cabell framed the door with both hands and turned the knob. The door was locked.

"I did that," he said aloud. "Stripped son of a bitch that I am! What is the fucking hell am I afraid of in a place like this? Anybody come through that door, Zack'd tear 'm apart like a rotten crockersack!"

Click of brass-catch on harness: the ring of the nose.

He found the lock and pushed until it clicked. "Hey, hey," he said to the universal dark and to Zack. "I did it! I have no more goddamn idea of where there is a bathroom in this place than a snake has fins. I'm gonna try for the open, just to see what will happen. If I can't make it, I'm gonna pass all over the door. And you can do the same thing, my man."

Cold. Probably the victim said of himself.

"You know," Cabell said, "I guess I ought to get my overcoat, or at least a shirt or something on, but I'd just as soon be cold. It seems like that kind of a time. Come on, Zack, let's go get 'em."

In the darkness of underwear, every current of air seemed to have an influence, and with the wind bearing at the knee, the illusion of being blown one way or the other in perfect stillness was strong.

Cabell knew where the door was, and his knee where the bed was. His watch was on the floor, on a long gold chain.

Time. He groped and found the watch, then hooped the chain around his neck so that the watch hung somewhere in the region of the heart. It was an old watch, about the size of an egg and a half, and oval bell the hour. He opened the door, and he and the hand-plates moved into the hall.

He wanted to use his right hand on the wall, and he turned his left in the fur somewhere along Zack's spine; he caught the forward-moving beam. A door passed under his hand, and then the wall reestablished itself as cold and unresponsive. Another door, and Cabell's step probed up, undisturbed, going toward the stairs.

The next door. Zack growled, a low sound came from the not known, Cabell

held to the body fur. "Let's go," Cabell said. "Let's go." The molten wall flowed under his hand; Zack barked and padded. No wall now suddenly. He had held off right-angled wood. He turned loose of Zack's fur, hearse the dog breath newly, and extended his left hand into the void.

"It's just a boardinghouse," he said. "Just a boardinghouse in North Carolina."

A large-bosom upstairs caught Cabell's underwear, and he followed slightly at the top of the landing. The cold was not fatal, and when he shivered inside the shivering made him invulnerable. A very faint indoor wind came to him, and it had in it the layered sense of storm, rain.

Still with the wall and the dog, he started down, remembering that there was a landing, but whether twelve or fourteen from where he began to descend Cabell did not recall, and he told himself to believe.

For three months he had been developing techniques: the knowledge of darkness. Hereof was better on stairs, but even with those you could not the edge of each step by a down-curling of the toes. That the golden shreds of thinking sparks would never move him seemed certain; but by the skill he had, that he could cut his toes over the forward end of a step and thereby take the next one down.

"This is enough now," he said, as he sat on his last step. He believed that he was no more than three steps from the landing, where he would be able to find his left hand, which would guide him to the ground floor and then, with a swing managed by dog fur alone, to the front door of the morning house and down a few more stairs and into the blessed uncertainty of his bladder, the freezing of the winter water into night and snow.

Before his face, there was the sound of time. There were three noises. And he felt, over his heart, the same time-sound as sympathy.

"We're winning," Cabell said. "My one eye stood against us. Let's go on down."

But for a moment he sat there, shivering in the wild shroud of light, the thing that had been given him by the anger in his

blood; that had dropped his vision and aggrandized for his personal vision of the world a darkness through which played an infinitude of random golden jewels.

There knew were his.

Over his heart there was the last of three. The clock on the landing died away and, at the same time, so did the watch chain. With several and come to rest on his breastbone. He stood up.

"We got to go to the left," he said, and he did. Loveless was between him. Right foot or left foot could find no way to fall. The new door, locked or unlocked, was a factor now. A few more steps, probably missed in ice, and then the snow and the terrible moon.

The darkness was his, engraved and exhaled, big in an

attitude. Cabell turned it and went through.

Wind died and he and his dog stood together, the man

shaking and full of snow water.

He went slowly, for there was a shiver in that night have been an inch or more deep. The air around him held what felt to be the zero of outer space, except that it moved slightly from time to time and gave off a sound as of a totally beyond saying that, somehow, in this case, careful anyone.

Reef-footed, Cabell stood in the snow. The night was a golden shroud that had nothing to do with the extreme but was biological merely. There was something about coming down from the last ice-covered, a minor-made step onto the highly snowed—(Continued on page 179)



Please forget about Teddy!

by Brock Brower

He doesn't really want to run, therefore, should not be made to run. Let it be

For nearly eight years now, I have been trying to come up with a Kennedy Solution. I think that allows me to say I was working on one before much of anybody else even saw there was likely to be a problem.

The problem, in brief, is how to hold a proper Presidential election now without Ted Kennedy. Or maybe even how to continue the political process at all when the most loved/loathed, sage-bald, poli-high candidate scratches every four years, having us with a bunch of cars, hucks, dabbins, and droids and other dark horsefish.

Soon after Robert Kennedy's death, I took a very rough assignment with *Life* to cover the Last Kennedy, traveling as far afield as Arctic Village, Alaska, on a Kennedy fact-finding mission that failed of worldly interest at all when the most loved/loathed, sage-bald, poli-high candidate scratches every four years, having us with a bunch of cars, hucks, dabbins, and droids and other dark horsefish.

I don't remember exactly what John and I said to each other, maybe because the real exchange was more implicit: silent agreement that, as presumably honest reporters, we were going to have to say something somewhere, sometime, somehow, about this disastrous side of Ted Kennedy. I had become aware of a pattern of eccentricity that kept him coming and going, coast to coast: John—who had once been drinking long and quiet—saw another of his favorite pattern emerging, which did not bode well. We both went home to brood over our separate dilemmas of conscience.

Eventually I called my editor at *Life*, begging advice and lunch.

"You won't believe this," I finally got around to telling them, "but I don't think he wants to run."

"Does he say so?"

Brock Brower, a political commentator presently living in Washington, is a frequent contributor to *Esquire*. He has written two novels, the last of which was *The Last Great Creature*.

"He doesn't say so," I admitted, "but everything he's doing says so."

"Ted Kennedy," they pressed me, "does not want to be President?"

"If he can possibly avoid it. The bad thing is the pressure everybody's putting on him. That's making him come up with some pretty hairy proposals."

"Well, if you can show that, prove that," they said, going along with me this far. "It's still a hell of a story."

But how? In politics, "no" is also always the best disguise. Any serious candidate is going to discover what the last, right moment, so that establishing any man's reluctance to run is the equivalent of proving a negative. Especially when the sun is a runaway, feet-slomping, first-ballot winner, as Ted Kennedy would be, probably by acclamation, even today.

Modern journalism, however, is equipped with diverse engines of belief: press, now used routinely in most character assessments. I decided it was maybe not possible to attack his character—to examine his insecurities, his faith, but living, etc., and show why Ted Kennedy wouldn't want to run—to help along his own race before it was too late.

The *Life* piece went through several drafts, during which I worked to tighten the argument that character here was not false, but an effort to escape fate. It was scheduled to run in an issue to be out on the newsstand Monday, July 21, 1969. Only, that prior week the Agency announced it would switch on the moon Ralph Garcon, managing editor of *Life*, decided to go with Neil Armstrong and knocked the Kennedy piece over to the following week.

That Saturday I was coming in from a neighborhood where when Ralph said to tell me Kennedy's car had gone off some bridge, a girl might have drowned, how soon could I get up to the Vineyard? Among several highlights he passed along was, did I realize what *Life*'s cover would have been if he'd gone with my Kennedy piece?

"His playing back football," Ralph said. "With a cover like, *200 KENNEDY ON THE RUN*."

I shivered again, already chilled from a wet bathing suit and my own marginally prophetic soul. I hired a plane immediately, flew up through ripping grey rains over Vineyard Sound. All Cassinetti ever really wanted, I thought, was to be wrong.

Even all the memories of what I heard the next few days on Martha's Vineyard and Chappaquiddick, this stands out. I had watched the moonwalk with Police Chief Donald Area, and after Cronkite, I turned to Area and asked what about it?

"Why didn't he call me?" Area came right out, no hesitation, still baffled. "That's what I still can't understand." Chegg won't maybe headed up to Edgartown the way the moon was to Boston, but there were telephones out there. "I mean, I couldn't have found it far from or anything like that. But it would have been so much better for him. This way," he shrugged. "I just don't understand. Why didn't he call?"

And that has been the rub of the matter ever since. The mere persistent ignorance, into possible sexual scandal, into cover-up and even murder, lack all some grounds and quickly collapse into self-generated squams of Kennedy hatred. That Ted's father, that night to get in touch with someone like Area—despite being told by both Joey Gargan and Paul Markham that he must report the accident—is the one point on which the country still tends to be, for all it may wish for neither Kennedy, more judgmental than desecrating.

In fact, his momentary pausing away from responsibility—which he is the least that it was—was really created Chappaquiddick. He dare off that ferry ship and left everything else as wild surmise.

My updated Kennedy piece ran in *Life* the following week, but very much on pain factor. To report that he had all along been recklessly trying to escape desperate pressures—to assume the mantle, to lead the church and reconvert the world, etc.—only proved how much worse Area can become, more terrible, more real. I'd never seen so much nothing. But my involvement with Chappaquiddick, as a witness to this sudden, half-sought perception in his political forehead, did at least give me the long view on later shifts of fortune as they have continued to affect Ted Kennedy. The latest and greatest of which is, in following months, even in national leadership in coming the Kennedy with change rapidly around him into a deluding, unrequited, and even dangerous—had far less, worse for us—Kennedy fantasy.

And such a shift, it may be hard to recall now, but at one time, when Ted Kennedy was considered admirable, probably inevitable, even an adherent worried about his legitimacy as a serious Presidential candidate. Although he had already demonstrated real political capacity within the Senate, nobody felt he had much going for him except what the associate Max Weber called "hereditary charisma." A kind of cool-off glow "participated in by the kindness of its house, particularly his closest relatives."

But, broadly, since Chappaquiddick, the situation has completely reversed itself. Now that he is no longer inevitable and, as a result, not even a serious candidate, the outcome of his opposition has considerably altered. To such an extent that he is seen as the only liberal hope—now lost—the one unifying force in a desperate Democratic field of blacks, pothe, Wallace voters, Mayor Daley, et al. From a mild Kennedy, who badly needed legitimizing, he has been elevated to the first, last and only Kennedy, who also, but the Chappaquiddick—might now legitimate the discredited Presidency.

Some of this, make no mistake, comes of his own accomplishments. His Senate role is increasingly innovative, especially as he corrects some liberal role into more conservative. He's got to be seen as a man of energy policy—or focuses grander hopes on manna like a national health-overseer program. What's more, the charisma, however it was originally distributed, is now very much his own with interest. I have followed

him, since Chappaquiddick, deep into Wallace country, the depressed Appalachians and belt outside the Pittsburgh—and seen how hard-bitten people will line the dark streets for the last glimpse of him. How houses of poor whites, barely Middle America, stand to shanty-towns of blacks, hardly any America at all, and as an American falls, down, down almost in despair, but ready to cheer the one American politician they still all trust along with the other guy, safely through.

Except maybe in South Boston. Though even there I do not see that heart, especially Irish hearts, are that much changed. One night I heard a steelmaker stand up and expect to win on the night of "Teddy's" and got to where I go home to the wife and hand her my paycheck, and she takes on look at it and says, "What are I supposed to do with that?"

But much of the Irish heart, however, makes no mistake, comes out of pure fascination on a mass societal scale. A man exercise that the limitations and hypochondria of the Kennedy myth have done a lot to encourage. Consider, for example, the fashion in which Robert Kennedy played his last card in the 1964 Democratic convention. He quoted Juliet in her passion to Romeo:

"Take him and cut him out in little stars, And he will make the free of heaven's no less."

That all the world will be in love with Night And pay no worship to the garish day. I always remember that. But my involvement was a good enough shot to take to Lyndon B. Johnson mid the celebration of Atlantic City, but the idea of John F. Kennedy as a heavenly constellation, the USA Major or the Pleiades, is too much. I do not want the country or greatness in its polling place. I don't want the chance to proclaim him dead—as many are already doing—and then simply walk away from any choice. Matter of fact, there is another quotation from Shakespeare that is just about the right corrective: "The flesh, dear Brutus, is not an oath, but it is ordinary."

And it is. The Kennedy fantasy, which seems to feed on every heroism by Ted Kennedy that he will not run, is the function of no great Machiavellian irony, as the Kennedy-haters claim, but of our own remarkable self-deception. I sometimes think it works in much the same way as the process of crystallization that Stendhal described in the *Love*. The more one remains in a suspended state between doubt and hope, the more the love object's attributes, the more perfection as perceived in the love object.

In the case of Stendhal's Salzburg a bough wrapped up its leaves by water is thrown into the depths of the dashed writings; two or three months later it is pulled out again, covered with brilliant crystals . . . so that the original bough is no longer recognizable. Stendhal wrote: "I call crystallization that process of the mind which produces such perfect images as it has in every form of events." Particularly any form of events that indicates the beloved, if remembered, may not run, and if elected, might not serve.

The aspect, as the previous aspect, is that other merely mortal candidates play by irrelevant comparison. The country depends of even, to be a man, to see Ted Kennedy, but that's it. A man's term of each new opinion poll, to be crystallized image. So we end up sincerely waiting around in vague hope, as Mr. Uddall complains, of nobody less than Franklin Delano Fitzgerald Jones. (Continued on page 148)

Esquire Presents
The Eternal Starlets of
Hollywood
Produced by Nelson Lyon
Directed by Jean-Paul Goude
Starring seven decades of girls! girls! girls!



Buster Keaton with eleven of his remodeled Gold Diggers of 1935. No one of them was famous—they were all Groucho.



Mr. Berkeley strikes another pose, this time surrounded by beauties from Warner Bros.' 1935 stable.



Cream of the Forties. M-G-M stable (left to right): Ann Rutherford, Jane Bryan, Lana Turner, Anita Louise, Martha Hugg, Mary Beth Hughes.



D-W Griffith stock company: Norma Talridge (back row, right), Lillian Gish (front row, third from right).

On the bottom of these pages you see a lot of starlets, two of them, the ones that made Hollywood the Motion Picture Capital of the World while Blumstein was still adding away on the Odessa steps. The starlets were then called contract players and were studied more from head to toe: wardrobe, hairstyle, weight, and "house-hush" romance were all determined by the associated agents. Today fast-matching at Modesto, talking dancing at Woodmen, indeed any display of serious temperance, could instantly snuff a career. Some starlets spent a great deal of time on their backs. Their

feet were surveilled by studio agents. They posed for publicity shots that would encourage a peek.

When a starlet was promoted to star, she immediately set about changing her image, including her name. Former Wagon Baby Star Louise Latham, for instance, changed into the fabulous Joan Crawford. The salad days were never much remembered, certainly not inked above. But at least we can look—no look again at the photos below. Then turn the page for the turning point, the screen test, the magic moment when stars are born.



Warner Bros. actresses: Babel Jewell, Mayo Methot (Mrs. Humphrey Bogart), Bebe Davis, Rosalind Marjoux, Lola Lane.



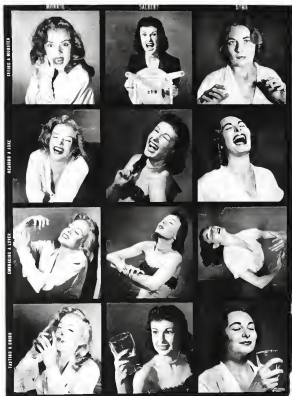
RKO beauties for 1945 feature: Barbara Hale, the brunette who's hanging the giant V for Victory.



In *Life* magazine, October 10, 1946, photographer Philippe Halman got together a group of starlets and gave them a chance to express their dramatic tendencies. Each was asked to imagine herself in an imaginary situation: how she'd respond to a monster; the telling of a funny story; a lover's embrace; taking a favorite drink. This situation is worth your attention one more time. In the first place, one of the unknown beauties was Marilyn Monroe. In the second, this exercise marks a time when a lot of people were saying that the starlet as we knew her was dead. Once a little more than a human wreck, she was now, Hollywood started to claim, an actual human being, a young actress who wanted to be more than just a spot on a casting couch.

Today, of course, there are no real studios, no real starlets—or so they say. There are producers and there are "young women," lots of them. In charge of their own careers. As Lawrence Goodish, producer of *How to Succeed in Business*, explains: "If she is going to survive she has got to be an actress, a personality, a businesswoman. She has to choreograph her own moves. There is no studio to do it for her. When she walks into a room she's got to spot the guy who can help her. She's got to grab his eyes and hold them for as long as she wants. She needs the skin of an alligator."

On the next two spreads, *Esquire* presents eight of the new set of eight photographs, along with their original producers. The pictures were taken in the producers' offices, each office, thanks to the miracle of trick photography, looks out on the famed Hollywood sign. The pictures, as you'll see, are all happy, each a still life of success, a study in fantasy: a fantasy commonly known as the Big Break. But, aside from all the dream stuff, the names and faces are real. And the photos won't embarrass anybody—not even a goat. Well, maybe a very touchy goat.





Jennifer Lee (above) says hello to the star of *Wax*, *Ton-Ton, The Dog Who Saved Hollywood*, as producer David V. Picker observes. Says Miss Lee of leading man: "I have to look in their eyes and see inner life. Only then can I give a convincing performance."

Carol Kane (below), who has already appeared in *The Last Detail* and *Dog Day Afternoon*, stays cool as Harry Gurn, on the phone, and Don Devlin, seated, talk to Jack Nicholson about her performance in *Harry and Walter Go to New York*.



Photographed by Jess Paul Gracie/Dorothy Tarnow



Lisa Fanning (above) interprets being revivified by a huge army ant as Tom Mankiewicz and Peter Yates study her craft. Lisa, who speaks in any foreign accent you can name, tries out her American in the new release *Mother, Fucks, and Speed*.

Season Hibity (below) auditioned for *Dys Sulkind*, producer of the upcoming twenty-million-dollar *Supermen*. She says, "I've played kidnapping victims, rape victims. ... I'd like to play a killer as a change of pace. Somebody who has an extra dimension."





Cyndie Sikora (above) was a Miss America semifinalist, a Bob Hope American Beauty, once sang for Gerald Ford. "I have it together lookwise," she says. "But beauty is fleeting. My talent is what will do it." Here she does it for Al Ruddy, producer of *The Godfather*.

Leonore McKee (below) got out of bed with the flu to audition successfully for a part in Howard Rosenberg's new musical, *Spunkie*. Says the talented writer-singer-composer: "I found my way of making things work for me. I had made up my mind to get this part."



Barbara Carrera (above), cover girl on *Paparazzi*, *Beats*, *Cosmo*, and *Playboy*, was finally discovered in *Esquire* by Tom "Bully Jack" Loughlin. She'll soon appear in a film called *Embryo*. Here, she's with Lawrence Gordon, casting assistant for Irving Wallace's *The Fan Club*.

Karen Latham (below) is here admired by Michael Phillips (*The Sting*, *Two Drivers*). Latham on getting discovered: "Make yourself bigger than life." Latham on losing a part: "Learn to keep your emotion tight." Latham on achieving stardom: "It opens a lot of doors."



HOLLYWOOD



These women, it turns out, have said good-bye to the movie star in as in the Pele Lounge. In other words, they have
 (from top left) Meg Tuerk (*Shogun*), Jessica Caubert (*Rocky Horror*), Mary McCormack (*Runaway*),
 Faye D'Arbanville (*Rescue Driver*), Shelley Duvall (*Nashville*). Well, so they're not household words, not yet.
 But who goes home again until Zentz, anyway?

Photographed by Bob Paul Smith/Henry Haring

Crabs

by Nora Ephron



Sometimes I think I should write a short story about crabs. I'm not sure why. Crabs may be a way of writing about what has happened to me. Then again, they may not be; they may just be a subject no one has written about. I can get attention if I write about crabs. People will say, oh, you had them! I had them too. I like it when people say that. I had them once but it wasn't much to speak of. I put them going to bed with someone I had never been to bed with. "There's something I have to tell you," he said when it was over. "I have crabs." This came as a shock to me, although not because of the crabs. I had expected that the something he had to tell me would relate somehow to the brevity of the main event. But all he told me about was the crabs. And that's all I got. They interested me. I went to the drugstore and asked for a cure for him. I thought that curing them too would fix the drug. The instructions said that after application I should comb through "the hair in the infected area" and the little devil would fall out. I combed them onto a Kleenex. They were very small and had funny legs. I got rid of them very quickly because there are only a very small number you can get from a one-night stand that lasts two minutes. The story I was thinking about was written about about that. I thought it might be possible to follow a case of them from one person to another.

For example:
A friend of mine named Richard Bradshaw went to East Hampton for a few days one summer. He was visiting a mink department-store heiress named Julie Rosenfeld, when I once saw make a spectacle of herself at the Air New England center in Logan Airport because her plane to Martha's Vineyard had been canceled.

Nora Ephron, senior editor and monthly columnist, reports that *Crabs* is neither fiction nor fact and, as such, is therefore something or other.

could she owned a house in East Hampton, and the house had a cottage that had been rented to a New York publisher who was famous for having been in analysis eighteen years. The publisher was not staying in the cottage, and the idea was that Richard Bradshaw would be able to stay in it without his knowing. Richard went to East Hampton, but he was out of underwear. Before leaving, he borrowed a pair from his girl friend. That is an odd twist in the story, but there it is. He wore his girl friend's underpants to the East Hampton house and left them in the cottage. The publisher came out for the weekend and found the underpants. Wife's been eating my porridge! He read the department-store heiress for letting someone else use his cottage. There are no crabs in the story, but I thought I might be able to take it and twist it in some way to include the crabs.

I am bad at making things up.
My oldest friend remembers everything. She is constantly quoting things I said when I was sixteen or twenty. I don't remember saying them. Generally, they are not bad lines for a sixteen- or twenty-year-old. Sometimes it surprises me that I was alive at all at the age of sixteen. Sometimes I think I did not exist, rarely came, really make sense, until I was thirty-one. The other day, my sister told me something I said when I was thirty-one. I don't remember it either. It worried me that I am losing my memory. Someday I may be old enough to write about my life, and I will have forgotten everything that has happened to me.

My oldest friend fell in love with a Princeton boy who lost her up. One night, when I was married, she came to dinner. She lived in Cleveland. Actually, she lived in Cincinnati, but I am trying to throw you off in case you ever meet her. She told us a story. She and her husband, Sidney, played bridge with a couple

named Harriet and Berne, and Berne had been rubbing her leg under the bridge table for several months. One night, while Sidney and Harriet were in the kitchen making coffee and Berne was rubbing her leg more intensely than usual, she said to him, "What or get off the pot." That is what she said. I can't help it. He asked her to come with him to Pennsylvania for the weekend. She went out and spent the food money on a black cribroom, and then he changed his mind.

"What do you think?" she said to me.
"I think," I said, "that if you're not careful you'll become the Cincinnati Open."

After dinner, my husband took her out to put her in a taxi. Twenty minutes later he came back.

"Where was you?" I said.

"We had trouble getting a cab," he said.

The next day my husband went out for the afternoon and did not come home until seven o'clock. He had gone on his break.

"Where were you?" I said.

"Out buying light bulbs," he said.

Five years later I sat up in bed.

"You were with Barbara this afternoon," I said.

"Yes," he said, "that nothing happened."

"What do you mean, nothing happened?"

"I couldn't go through with it," he said.

"What did you do?" I asked.

"We asked a little bit," he said.

"Where?"

"At her sister-in-law's."

"Where there tonight?" I asked.

"Maybe a little," he said.

I burst into tears. "You're only telling me," I said, "because you didn't go through with it, and you think you deserve some kind of reward for it. Otherwise, you wouldn't have admitted in any of it. You would have at least stayed your mouth with silence before coming home."

"I ran out of Binxas yesterday," he said.

A few months later, I met someone. He was married. So was I. It was pretty much the way you might have expected. I left my husband. He stayed with his wife. It dragged on long after it should have. Then it was over. Some time later, I met his wife. She was a very nice person. This was a universally held opinion. She never smiled and did not drink. I have nothing against people who don't drink, but I do have something against people who, when asked if they want a drink, say, "I don't drink." I stopped liking him when I met her. Everyone makes mistakes, but he was committed to his. Now he sleeps with his wife's best friend, who used to sleep with my boyfriend before last. I hope they recognize themselves in this story.

Once there was a couple who lived in Washington. I didn't know them. A friend told me about them. Their names were Daisy and David Berne. Their marriage had no Greens. I had never heard that expression until my friend told me the story. It's an English expression and it means no sex. Daisy and David Berne were close friends of a congressman whose wife and children were killed in an automobile accident. Every night, the congressman came over to their house and talked his heart out. Afterward, Mrs. Berne would drive him home. One thing led to another. The affair was extremely impetuous, although we have only Mrs. Berne's word for that, and the worth of her word has to be tempered with the knowledge that she had a lifetime of no Greens. Finally, Mrs. Berne told her husband she had fallen in love with the congressman and what did he think of that. David Berne was speechless for several days and relied on an attention-getting waiter. This he accused he was willing to go into analysis. The wife told him he should go into analysis, but that she was leaving anyway. She



THE ATTACK

by William A. Nolen M.D.

The author, assigned to write about coronary surgery, suffers a heart attack. He follows his own advice and recovers. Maybe you should read this piece.

packed a bag and hurried up on the congressman's doorstep.

"I'm afraid I have bad news for you," the congressman said to her. "Two fishes in love with Audrey Kipness."

This story presents technical problems I ought to have introduced Audrey Kipness earlier, but that might have given the ending a way.

The case of crabs started in Cincinnati. A young woman who was angry with her husband for his habit of rubbing the legs of their female opponents went out and had a fling with a tennis pro who had crabs. A few nights later, while her husband was rubbing the legs of a housewife named Barbara, she went into the kitchen with Barbara's husband Sidney and allowed him to give her a fast but extremely thorough test. Meanwhile, her husband asked Barbara to go away with him for the weekend. Two days later, he realized he had crabs. He did not know if he had gotten them from his wife, which seemed extremely unlikely, or from years of rubbing legs under the table, which seemed extremely unlikely. He called Barbara and canceled the trip. Barbara was very depressed. She was also carrying crabs, which she had gotten from her husband, who had gotten them from the fast feed, but before she found out, she went off to New York and ended up in her semi-invincible apartment with her oldest friend's husband. When she got back to Cincinnati she discovered the crabs and shared her oldest friend's husband.

Her sister-in-law picked up the crabs from the bed sheets and gave them to her boss, a New York publisher who had been in college eighteen years. He took them with him to Earl Hampton, where he had rented a cottage for the summer. One week, while he was in New York, a young man named Richard Bradshaw, who had the odd habit of wearing his girl

friend's underpants, slept in the publisher's cottage on the publisher's sheets without the publisher's knowledge and took the case of crabs back to New York. There he gave them to his girl friend, who accepted him of having gotten them from Julie Rosenfield, the mistress who owned the cottage he had stayed in. Earl and Bradshaw's girl friend moved out and went to live in a commune in Vermont. A few weeks later, Bradshaw found out where she was and went to her to beg her to come back.

"I'm afraid I have bad news for you," his girl friend told him. "Two fishes in love with Audrey Kipness."

The husband who had spent the afternoon with his wife's oldest friend did not know he had crabs for quite a while. He thought he had fine and that he had gotten them from his wife. For some time, he tried shaking himself with fine powder. Eventually, his wife got them and recognized them from an earlier group she had acquired from an unsatisfactory sexual episode in what she thought of as her youth. She also recognized that her husband had probably slept with her oldest friend after all—something she had noticed him do at the time, but which he continued to deny. They quarreled for several days. Then, an article appeared in *The Times* which said there was a crab epidemic in New York that had even managed to strike the seven-berkadee class at the St. Edward's School. The article also said you could get them from a toilet seat.

"See?" said her husband.

Some months later, she left her husband for a married man. She hoped for a while she still had crabs and that she would give them to the married man, who would give them to his wife, who would recognize her husband was having an affair and leave him. This did not happen.

I can't decide whether to call this *Crabs* or *Making Things Up*. ■

I am forty-seven years old and have high blood pressure. My father died at fifty-eight of "heart trouble." I exercise vigorously at least five times a week, try to keep my weight at respectable levels, take pills to regulate my blood pressure, don't smoke cigarettes. Yet, despite all that I do to prevent it, the possibility of heart attack threatens my horizon. Whenever I notice a twinge in my chest as I run around the tennis court, it occurs that this may be it—my first, and possibly my last, heart attack. Show me the person my age who does not have similar concerns and I'll show you a woman.

Not long ago, in what I hope will remain a fantasy, I asked myself: "Assuming you do have an attack and survive, what next? Given a chance, are you going to ask your medical confidante to treat you or are you going to call a surgeon and ask him to operate on your diseased heart?" I didn't know which I ought to choose; I was confused by the conflicting opinions about the value of the new (well, nine-year-old) operation for coronary-artery disease, the coronary bypass. Some doctors swear by it, others swear it's a disaster. Therefore to find my answer where the decision could be made academically, without the emotional bias the real thing would precipitate. This article is a report on my investigation and the conclusions I reached.

All the above, the kind to that article, was written in early June of 1980, the last column in the rest of the article that I sent off to *Esquire* then, but in a revised form.

The revisions became not necessary but natural when, two weeks after I submitted the original article, I learned that the recurrent episodes of breathlessness

and ill-defined chest pain that had very recently begun to bother me when I played racquetball or tennis were not what I had originally suspected: they were not symptoms of some obscure form of arthritis; they were, in fact, symptoms of the very disease about which I had just been writing—coronary-artery obstruction.

My research had convinced me that the coronary bypass could be of great value to a patient with my own obstruction. I therefore submitted to the operation. This, as you might imagine, provided additional insight into the surgery. As my editor at *Esquire* said, with aplomb: "Having written the operation ought to make for a better piece." I reluctantly agreed and revised the original manuscript and it is the post-surgery version that follows.

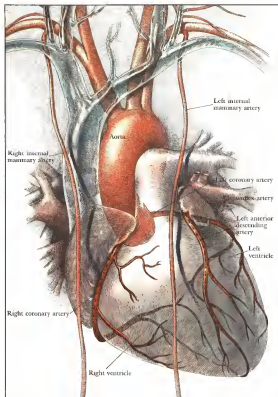
I hope never to do such in-depth research again.

We have to begin with definitions: "heart attack" is a meaningless term and can mean one of two things.

First, it may mean that the patient has had an episode of angina. Angina, in this case means "heart pain." Pain in the heart occurs when the heart muscles are not receiving enough oxygen to do the work they must: pump blood to all the muscles and organs of the body. Oxygen is delivered to the heart muscles in the blood that flows in them via the coronary arteries, to be dissipated in more detail later. Sometimes heart pain occurs because there isn't enough oxygen in the blood. For example, a man who lives at sea level and who exercises vigorously while visiting high in the Andes may develop angina even with normal coronary arteries, because oxygen levels in the air at high altitudes are relatively low. (If he lived in the Andes for a while, the hemoglobin level in his blood would gradually increase, and since hemoglobin is the substance that carries oxygen, he'd then be able to exercise comfortably.) But ordinarily angina develops because the

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arteries to the heart are narrowed by arteriosclerosis and can't deliver enough oxygen-enriched blood to the heart muscle.

Angina may, and usually does, come and go. The heart of a man who is sitting in an easy chair watching a cartoon on television is at rest, or so much at rest as the heart ever is, even though his coronary arteries may be narrow, they can supply all the necessary blood to his heart muscles. If this same man tries to jog a mile, the blood flow through his diseased coronary arteries will not be able to increase sufficiently to meet the increased demands of the heart muscle, and he will have an attack of angina. When he rests, his angina will go away.

In the usual sequence of events, the patient with angina will note a progression of the disease. He may, for example, first have an angina attack only when he jogs two miles. After a while—maybe years, maybe months—the attack will begin after he jogs one mile. Eventually it may come on if he tries to walk more than a block. Finally, the pain may come after eating a big meal, watching an exciting television show, or having intercourse. (Not surprisingly, a man is more likely to experience angina when he has intercourse with a mistress than when he has intercourse with his wife.) Patients who note a rapid progression in their angina symptoms are said to have "unstable angina" or "pre-infarction status." A rapid progression in the speed with which symptoms develop is an ominous sign.

Sometimes an angina attack will begin a few minutes after the exertion begins. Then, if the patient rests for a minute or two, the pain will disappear and won't return even when he resumes the exertion. This is known as "walk-through" angina or "second-level" angina, and no one knows the explanation for it. This is the angina I experienced, one I'd never heard of at

the time I felt it, which explains why I didn't suspect the diagnosis until I'd had nine attacks. (I find it rather embarrassing to have missed this diagnosis for so long.)

Typically, angina is described as a squeezing pain. Often the patient will say, "It feels like someone's sitting on my chest." Usually the pain is located just beneath or slightly to the left of the sternum (the breastbone). It may radiate into the jaw or down the left arm. Very rarely does the pain of angina occur over the heart.

Sometimes the pain of angina will seem to be unconnected with the chest in any way; the patient will experience what is called an "anginal equivalent." This may be misdiagnosed as hives if, for example, the pain is in the shoulder, or as a tachycardia if it's in the jaw. Occasional patients who have been having sleep apnea will have undergone one or more tooth extractions before a proper diagnosis is made.

Often, if the patient is examined by his doctor while he's having the attack or shortly thereafter, the doctor will see electrocardiogram changes. But these changes are temporary, a few hours or even minutes after an attack the electrocardiogram returns to normal.

A stress test is often used to confirm the diagnosis of angina. In this procedure a patient is connected to an electrocardiogram and treadmills are taken as the patient runs on a treadmill. The treadmill's speed and slope are progressively increased, creating additional stress on the patient's heart. If the patient develops angina as the test progresses, diagnostic changes will generally appear on his electrocardiogram. In about ninety percent of these cases, patients who will have positive stress tests.

Most patients don't die of angina attacks. If the portion of the heart muscle that isn't getting enough blood is one through which the nervous system of the heart runs, erratic heart rhythms may occur, and occasionally they can be fatal.

The second kind heart attack is called a "myocardial infarction." Myocardium is the technical name for heart muscle; infarction means that the muscle is not receiving just an inadequate blood flow, it ceases to be blood at all and is dying. The muscle of an infarcted area, assuming the patient survives, eventually becomes scar tissue.

An infarct occurs when a coronary artery becomes so obstructed (by arteriosclerosis or by the sudden development of a blood clot) that it cannot deliver blood to the heart muscle to sustain its life. An attack of angina warns a patient that his heart muscle is in trouble; an infarct is what happens when the coronary blood supply has deteriorated beyond the warning stage.

The symptoms of an infarct usually begin with an attack of angina, but this time the pain doesn't recede when the patient rests. Depending on the severity of the infarct, i.e., how much heart muscle is dying, the patient may have his pain for seconds, minutes, hours or days. Dying muscle causes pain, but since it is dead the infarcted area is no longer pain-producing. The patient may go into shock, or he may die abruptly. Sadly, the 1,169,000 patients in the United States who develop infarcts each year, a quarter—about 265,000—will die within an hour of the onset of the infarct. Nearly seventy percent of patients with angina and/or infarcts are men.

But what of the others, the 2,900,000 who have angina, yet who never have a heart attack, and the 108,000 who have had a heart attack but survived?

THE HEALTHY HEART

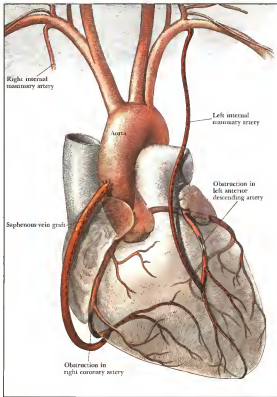
This is a drawing of the normal heart before the trouble begins. The left and right coronary arteries are shown both of which branch at their origins, becoming narrower as they extend into the heart muscle. The left coronary artery runs for only about one inch before it divides into the circumflex and anterior descending arteries.

Blocks in the coronary arteries are caused by arteriosclerotic plaques, pieces of bone-rich material beneath the inner lining of the coronary blood vessel. Oddly, arteriosclerotic obstruction never occurs in the small branch vessels, only in the larger arteries.

The left anterior descending artery supplies blood to a large portion of the left ventricle, the heart's largest pumping chamber; the rest of that muscle blood is fed partly through the lungs. A block in this main artery often causes immediate death. The right coronary artery delivers blood to the right ventricle, which pumps to the lungs. Blockage here is not usually fatal, at least not immediately.

The small vessels leading off the main arteries vary in number. A person who exercises frequently develops more of these than does a sedentary person. The more small vessels one has, the less likely it is that a fatal blockage will occur in either artery.

When an obstruction of a coronary artery does occur, the coronary-bypass operation may be the best medical hope. To visualize such blocks and to see how the bypass works, please turn the page.



First, the nonsurgical treatment. We have in our arsenal almost a wide variety of drugs that affect the heart. Some, like digitalis, strengthen the heart; others—antidysrhythmia tablets are most widely used—relax the walls of the coronary arteries, increasing the blood flow to the myocardium. There are many drugs that can be used to sustain a normal heart rhythm. Anticoagulants may be prescribed to prevent clots from forming in the coronary arteries.

Sensible living—keeping one's weight at respectable levels, giving up cigarettes, taking blood-pressure medication if necessary—may enable many patients with coronary-artery disease to live reasonably normal, comfortable, productive lives.

Unfortunately, some patients, even if they follow the best medical regimen, will continue to have trouble: more angina or possibly a second infarct. For these, and for the many patients who cannot live comfortably for fear they may have another attack any time, a surgical approach to their problem must—in 1976—be considered.

And, as I have said, despite the fact that I am a surgeon, I began my investigation of coronary-artery surgery in a skeptical frame of mind.

One reason was that I remembered as how many other excellent chest surgeons had been disappointed about a new approach to coronary-artery disease, only to find after a few years the operation wasn't worth a damn. I remember clearly being questioned by a chest surgeon when I applied for an internship in 1963. "Dr. [Name], this is an old idea. It's been tried and it hasn't come to you. What are you going to do for him?"

I started to talk about rest, exercise, and the other aspects of medical treatment. He interrupted me. "No, no," he said, "not all that nonsense. You want to be a surgeon, don't you? What operation are you going to perform?"

Provoked by his suggestion, I thought of several operations one could perform for the patient with angina. I pointed them out: thoracotomy (to slow down the body's metabolism), sympathectomy (cutting the nerves over which heart pain was relayed to the brain), and a wide variety of operations designed to increase the blood flow to the heart. When I'd finished, he said, "The examiner said, 'Great, Nolen, great!'"

THE REPAIRED HEART

This drawing shows how bypass techniques circumvent obstructions in the coronary arteries. There are two obstructions shown, one in the left anterior descending branch, the other in the right coronary artery. The vein graft has circumvented the block in the left artery by connecting the left internal mammary artery to the feeding vessels below the obstruction. Bypassing the obstruction in the right artery has been accomplished differently: a portion of the saphenous vein was removed from the patient's leg and grafted to the aorta and to the vessel below the block. The graft takes over the function of the natural artery.

To perform these procedures on the coronary arteries, a surgeon must first stop the heart. This is achieved by use of a heart-lung machine, which substitutes for those organs for whatever time is required to sew the grafts into place. Fifteen years ago, heart-lung machines were bulky, Robt Goldberg explains. Today, they are smaller, easier to operate and far safer. These improvements are, to an extent, responsible for the surge in bypass surgery.

WHAT PRICE HOPE?

The cost of a coronary-bypass operation varies between \$7,500 and \$14,000. Of this, about one-third goes to the doctor and two-thirds to the hospital. The average average charge for the procedure is about \$1,500 for one graft, \$250 for each additional graft. It was predicted that about 35,000 patients would undergo the operation in 1975. If all the patients who could benefit from the operation were to be referred for it—and this could conceivably happen when more data is in and more doctors and patients are alert to the potential benefits of the surgery—about 154,000 patients a year might be considered good candidates for surgery. This would cost, if we use \$10,000 as an average cost for one operation, \$1,540,000,000. When all that money, for any number of non-surgical methods, is added to the cost of the surgery, is going to come from, no one knows.

Will there you thinking like a surgeon yet?"

In 1954, we knew that none of these operations in worthwhile. Even in 1955, physicians were skeptical of their value. But each procedure had its advocates. Doctors who wrote that the patients on whom they performed their favorite operation were, in fact, improved.

The coronary bypass, however, seemed to be a more logical operation. It is a direct surgical approach to the coronary arteries and, when successful, results in an immediate and demonstrable increase in the blood supply to the heart muscle. Before you read any further, take a look at the illustrations on these pages, a show-and-tell description of the pertinent anatomy of the heart and a demonstration of the way the bypass operation works.

Still about fifteen years ago, the diagnosis and specific location of coronary-artery obstructions could only be made retrospectively, i.e., when it was too late. A patient could come to the doctor with angina as an infant, but it might not have been until the patient died and an autopsy was performed that the doctor actually knew where the obstruction occurred.

By 1959, a procedure had been developed in which the coronary arteries could be visualized with X rays by a technique known as coronary angiography. Using local anesthesia, the physician inserts a catheter into either the femoral artery (the leg artery in the groin) or into the brachial artery (in front of the elbow) and runs it up to the origin of the coronary arteries in the aorta just off the heart. An experienced physician—a surgeon, a cardiologist, or a radiologist—can usually slide the catheter into the mouth of, successfully, the left and right coronary arteries. He then injects a dye which can be seen on X ray. Any such artery plaques are clearly visible. The dye is then injected into the left ventricle of the heart, the chamber whose muscular walls pump blood out into the rest of the body, and films are taken that show the strength and nature of the muscular contraction. These films give a good idea of how badly the function of the heart has been impaired by the damaged coronary vessels.

Assuming a block, or blocks, has been demonstrated in one or more coronary arteries, and assuming that the patient and the surgeon agree an operation is necessary, the coronary bypass is carried out using a heart-lung machine. The patient is anesthetized and

the surgeon opens the chest by splitting the sternum along its entire length, using an electric saw. While he is doing this, another surgeon removes a strip of superficial vein about ten or twelve inches long from either the thigh or the lower leg. (There are two sets of veins in the lower extremity, deep and superficial; we can get along quite nicely without our superficial veins.)

Once the sternum has been split and the heart exposed, the surgeon inserts one plastic tube into the aorta and another into the right atrium. It's to the right atrium that all the uncongested blood returns; to the heart from the rest of the body flows. These plastic tubes are attached to a heart-lung machine. When they are in place, all the patient's blood flows through the heart-lung machine, bypassing the patient's own heart and lungs. The heart can then be operated on in relative safety.

To perform the bypass procedure the surgeon may use one or both of two techniques. He may take the vein that has been removed, sew one end to the aorta, the other to a coronary artery beyond the point of obstruction. Or he may free an internal mammary artery from the underside of the sternum and sew the lower end to a coronary artery, attaching it, of course, beyond the point of obstruction. If a third or fourth bypass is necessary, he may use other segments of vein and/or the other internal mammary artery. Whether he will use all three grafts, two internal-mammary-artery grafts, or a combination of procedures, will depend on his experience and on the anatomy of the particular patient; rarely, an internal mammary artery may itself be arteriosclerotic or, more often, the artery may not be long or mobile enough to reach beyond the point of obstruction of one of the coronaries.

It all sounds very reasonable, doesn't it? It certainly did to me. But now we have to deal with the skeptics. Dr. Henry Rosen, professor of cardiology at New York Medical College, made the case for them at a conference on cardiology at the Tufts Heart Institute in Boston, February, 1974. He was quoted in *Time* (March 4, 1974) as saying, "More lives have been lost through bypass surgery than have been saved by it." The ardentest opponent surgery, as advanced by skeptics, are these:

1) Most patients with angina and/or infarct will survive at least on good medical management as they will after bypass surgery.

2) Death and complications associated with the surgery and with the diagnostic evaluation (specifically, the coronary angiography) are too high to warrant the risk of operation.

3) Even if the patient survives the operation, the chance that the bypass graft will itself become blocked is great. So, after going through a risky, painful, expensive procedure, one or two years later the patient is no better off than he was before the operation.

The other articles I studied, in my attempt to evaluate the pros and cons of coronary bypass, came from surgical centers all over the United States; mostly after month, statistical studies attempting to answer coronary-surgery-bypass surgery its proper place in the armamentarium of the physician. I am going to spare you the dramatic perils, the means, overruns, and statistical significances that make some of these articles difficult to skim. Instead, I will pass on the well-founded panic of all the studies as reported through April of 1975:

1) Coronary angiography is now a very safe procedure. Ten years ago the mortality from the opera-

tion, due primarily to infarcts caused by clots and/or injection of dye, was in the 5 percent range. Now it is less than 0.5 percent. The improvement, most physicians feel, is due to the improved use of anticoagulants. Some cardiologists feel that angiography is now safer than a head-and-stroke test.

2) Operative mortality varies, of course, with the severity of the disease and the number of bypasses required. However, in capable hands mortality should be extremely low. In a report from a New York surgical group (April, 1975), there were only three operative deaths in 254 patients. The three deaths occurred in patients who had triple grafts and, even here, the operative mortality was only 2.6 percent—three out of 121. In those sixty patients who had single grafts and in the 185 who had double grafts, there was no operative mortality. Moreover, not a single death occurred among the one patient who had quadruple grafts.

3) About eighty to ninety percent of patients with angina were relieved of their symptoms by the bypass operation.

When I finished my review of surgical literature, I called a friend of mine, Frank Johnson, who practices cardiac surgery in Minneapolis. I arranged to watch him perform a bypass. The patient, a Mr. Riley, was sixty-two years old and had had angina for four years. In the last five months it had been getting progressively worse and he had reached the stage at which intervention was enough to cause an attack. His wife, as he put it, "wasn't worth living"; he was willing—even eager—to take any risk that might bring relief from angina.

"He has three-vessel disease, as you can see from these slices," Frank told me, then showed me the angiograms before surgery. "But the circumference isn't too bad, as I think we'll leave it alone. Mr. Riley has kidney disease as well as a bad heart and I don't want to keep him on the pump too long."

The operation was smooth, taking light-years away from the way things had been when I spent an evening in chest surgery in 1957. The heart-lung machine was then brand-new, and it wasn't necessary to lose twelve or fifteen parts of blood during an operation. Nor was it necessary to see the surgeon in blood up to his elbows, or to see arteries get loose and spurt the cooling with blood. Now the average blood loss for an open-heart procedure can be held to less than two pints, and about forty percent of patients require no transfusions at all. Mr. Riley's operation, by the old standards, was almost boring. It began at nine a.m. and ended at thirty-five p.m., much of this time was spent opening and closing the chest.

After the operation, Frank, his partner, Ted Peterson, and I ate sandwiches in the doctors' lounge while I asked them questions about the bypass operation. I was particularly interested in learning why some medical men felt it was not a valuable procedure. It's summarizing what Frank and Ted told me:

Coronary-bypass surgery has developed so rapidly that figures valid two years ago are now obsolete; the doctors who claim that surgery kills more patients than it saves are basing their claims on statistics that are as long valid as realistic. ("For example," Ted said, "when we began doing bypass surgery seven or eight years ago we lost five of our first twenty patients. Then we lost five of our next eighty. But of the last one hundred fourteen patients we've done we haven't lost one. And follow-up angiograms have shown that at least eighty-five percent of our (Continued on page 144)

Five Phonies

Illustrated by Patricia Decker



People used to call people like this insecure.

Now people gossip about her "life-style."

Plays backgammon in singles' bars,

Forsche keys at the ready.

Rampant cool. Beware.



Facing the big 4-0 is tough,
 has been since he turned it eight years ago.
 Daydreams about nymphets.
 "The kids today, they're great," he says,
 hating every last one of them.



A bit of Brando. A pinch of Bogart.
 A big hunk of Tom of Finland.
 You catch his act in discos where, they say, gender is a
 Fifties hang-up. His hang-up goes back a lot further.
 Wants to be in *Playgirl*.



Aspen waif.
Part-time waitress with an allowance from Dad,
who believes she's writing poetry for little magazines.
Answers to Tatiana.
Digs Bruce Springsteen.



Someone advised him: "Get it together."
He did—now everything is polyester.
A lousy tennis player, even lousier skier,
both of which he took up last year.
Money's no object—he's a dentist.

Why You Always Leave Caruso in the Shower

by Martin Mayer

A concert-hall expert
improves your
very own
home sounds

"I find my reaction to a speaker is different when I hear something in a noncritical setting room, from what it's going to be after I've been living with it for several months," said Cyril Barrie, who is about to spend more money than anybody in the world has ever spent to repair the sound qualities of a room. "I've met and listened to several speakers in the testing rooms and asked, 'You, I like them'—and then after a couple of months at home listening to other program material, I find I'm tired of them."

A physicist whose first book on these matters goes back more than twenty-five years, Barrie is a professor specializing in acoustics at the Columbia University schools of engineering and architecture. He designed the acoustical properties of all the halls at Kennedy Center, the Metropolitan Opera, the spectacular new Orchestra Hall in Minneapolis, Povel Hall in St. Louis (a movie theater he converted for concert purposes, he moved the side walls closer together, among other things). He is the author of considerable reference material on the study of sound, a massive dictionary on architecture and a book on acoustics that has been translated into a number of languages; and it is no exaggeration at all to say that he has lectured on the subject all over the world: when the Chinese want us for cultural exchanges, Barrie was one of the first Westerners ever invited to come over and demonstrate some expertise in the cause of international peace.

The room Barrie is repairing, at a cost that cannot be much less than \$3,000,000, is Philadelphia's (new Fisher) Hall at Lincoln Center, the Great Acoustical Director of the 1960's. There have been two previous attempts by others to modify this hall to make it sound right, but Barrie's approach is a little different. When his crews get done with the first phase of the work he has planned, the inside of the hall is going to look like Hiroshima: a hundred yards from ground zero—nothing but some girders and beams: balconies, side walls, rear wall, floor, stage, all gone. Then Barrie will construct a rectangular room, not unlike Symphony Hall in Boston, or the Grauman Musictheatre in Vienna, or his own Kennedy Center/Metropolitan halls.

Martin Mayer is author of *The Dissonant and was for years Barrie's music critic. Today and Tomorrow in America*, his new book of essays, has just been published by Harper & Row.

New, a very unusual acoustician designed the original Philadelphia Hall and got it all wrong; and Barrie himself dares that he cannot entirely predict whether or he will be happy with new speakers after he's lived with them awhile. If you feel inadequate on these subjects, cheer up: everybody is inadequate. But there are, as Barrie has been demonstrating in the collection of concert halls he has designed, principles of acoustics that produce predictable results in very big spaces, and some of them are applicable in your living room.

Every enclosed space has acoustical properties. If you try very hard and install a labyrinth of fiber-optic goresnole sticking into the room at different angles from every surface, you can eliminate the acoustic values of outside air—all the sound disappearing promptly after its generation, with nothing whatever reaching your ear from reflections. Indeed, this is a most uncomfortable sensation, offering a new definition of the word "dead." A man who steps into an "anechoic chamber" will find the experience hardly disturbing, and it is not recommended for anyone with permanent tinnitus. Outdoors, there is ambient noise from birds, rustling leaves, fellow phobers, jet planes (overhead at a concert); and the like—and, of course, one can build a shell and an outdoor auditorium that give some of the values of enclosed space. But nobody who plays an instrument or sings is likely to be happy about the way he sounds out in the middle of a wheat field, with no reverberation to enrich the quality of his performance. For male amateur singers, indeed, the smallest possible enclosed space—the shower stall—is often the acoustical environment of choice.

Barrie, who is forever alert for more than just sounds, likes to illustrate one of the fundamental laws of acoustical physics by the popularity of singing in the shower. The secret of the singer's success in the bathroom is only partly the fact that surfaces which must be waterproofed are also acoustically "hard," bouncing back nearly all the sound energy that strikes them; it also relies in the fact that small spaces will produce main-room resonances at frequencies right around the middle of the normal male singing voice.

Let us look at the two elements separately. What ears hear as sound is a pattern of vibrations in air pressure at the eardrum. Musical sound, as distinguished from most room noise, comes in a regular pattern of pulses, or cycles of increasing and decreasing pressure.

The pitch of the sound is determined primarily by the frequency of these cycles: the normal human ear hears a range of twenty or so to fifteen thousand or so cycles per second (young people tend to hear a wider range of sound than older people, but young people who frequent loud rock concerts will lose much of their hearing acuity at an early age). As sound travels at the speed of sound in a given medium, which means that sound "warms" comes in different lengths. At room temperature of sea level, that speed is about 1,130 feet per second, which means that a twenty-cycle-per-second sound ("700 Hz," for Heinrich Heine, a leader in the study of electroacoustic waves) comes in waves about fifty-six feet long, and a wave five feet long will be a sound at about two hundred twenty cycles, which is the A below middle C at the center of the harmonic series.

When a sound wave hits an object, say a corner or some of several things can happen: It can bend around the object, it can be reflected (ideally back at an angle equal to an angle if it strikes at an angle), it can be absorbed, or it can be transmitted to whatever is on the other side of the object. A thick masonry wall with a glazed surface (e.g., a bathroom wall) will reflect almost anything that hits it. A thin glass pane will begin to leak a little sound energy, but long-frequency sound waves hit it, transmitting to the other side of the window most of the bass sounds that are made in the room. A thick, dense masonry wall will absorb most of the middle- and higher-frequency sounds that hit it, because the porous sound waves are absorbed by themselves through the material, thereby converting sound energy to heat and eliminating it from the experience of listening ears.

If an object is capable of resonating at all, it will tend to have a "resonant frequency" at which sound waves start to do some of their work. The classic example is the water glass that shatters when a soprano hits a high C (or, in the television commercial, when a cassette recorder that happens to be among Heine's tape plays back the soprano's high C, incidentally, thus in harder than it looks. Barrie says that he has never seen it accomplish this feat; he has seen it shatter, and M-J-M had God's own trouble making it work when Maria Lanza played *The Great Gatsby*). Thus, people who have crystal chandeliers or thin metal sculptures of some size in their listening rooms—or even tight hangings of a suspicious material—may get a mysterious bang when they play their records loudly. But more important than the resonant frequency of objects in determining the acoustical characteristics of home listening rooms are the resonant frequencies of the enclosed air itself. Resonant frequencies of objects are a function of their shape and the properties of the material they are made of; the resonant frequency of the air in a room is determined mostly by the dimensions of the room.

Take a good-size apartment-house living room, twenty-two by thirteen by eight feet six inches. Each of these dimensions can be seen as a column of air, and entirely unlike the column of air in an organ pipe, capable of resonating on its own at the frequencies that produce sound waves twice the length of that column and at all the harmonics (or multiples) of that frequency. If the room is regular in shape and empty, with hard walls, floor and ceiling, it will tend to resonate around 25 Hz, 44 Hz and 63 Hz, and also around all the multiples of each of those frequencies (and combinations of those multiples, by a complicated formula). The smaller the room, the higher the lowest resonant frequencies.

Remember, though, that nature offers no free lunch at the resonant frequency, what you gain in sound level in one part of the room you lose in another, and while some frequencies are boosted, others are diminished at any one point in the room. Acoustics professors like to demonstrate the first of these effects by having the class walk about the classroom while a sustained tone at the resonant frequency is reproduced; and the other by running an audio-amplifier up the scale at equal acoustical power while the students stay in their chairs and listen to peaks. Both tricks always work, though only in the bass register. At the higher frequencies, the overlapping of the resonant peaks increases, smoothing out the graph that relates sound pressure to frequency in any given room: the room "responds" more uniformly.

For Barrie in designing a concert hall, a first line of defense against resonance problems is the breakup of reflecting surfaces, to eliminate as much as possible all straight-line bounces back and forth between walls. The straight wall is hard to eliminate from the house, however (or, incidentally, from the office, where breaking the ceiling with acoustical tile and installing fancy carpeting often does little to reduce noise problems because the parallel walls keep creating resonant peaks). Even if you don't need much, it's a good idea to buy a lot of books and put them in bookcases to scatter the sound waves. Bare parallel walls may make a better effect on the waves before back and forth.

If a room is a square or rectangle, the cabinet resonance peak is enhanced by the identical excitation



This floor plan is not an exact rendering of Cyril Barrie's living room (his acoustics expert was reluctant to have his quarters sketched). But it gives you a general idea how he has placed his speakers for maximum effect in this kind of room. Four of the six speakers operate in a space thinly carpeted, surrounded by book-lined walls and broken up with furniture entered in *italic*. Two additional speakers on the dining area are placed on bare wooden floors and are adjacent to furniture more solid and hard surfaced. They add a brighter, slightly delayed sound to the stereo mix.

of air release in two or three dimensions, and the dead sound really drops dead. A room where any one dimension is a multiple of another (for instance, a room with an eight-foot-six-inch ceiling that is even-ten or twenty-five and a half feet long) will be highly unsatisfactory as a listening room for live or recorded music. And any room with straight walls where the dimensions have common large factors is likely to have acoustical trouble. For such rooms, a bookcase a foot deep, covering most of an entire wall, is nearly the only solution.

One further characteristic of sound waves must be noted before we can turn completely practical: their directionality. Like a pebble dropped in the water, a sound starts a wave that spreads out in all directions from its source, but the intensity may be greater in one direction than another. If a sound source is small by comparison to the wavelength of the sound produced, it radiates uniformly in all directions, which means that loudspeakers are not directional at low frequencies, where the wavelengths are long. But a sound of 5000 Hz has a wavelength of only 2.7 inches, smaller than most loudspeakers, and that sound will radiate in beam fashion by the narrow path of the light beam. All other things being equal, then, the sound made by a loudspeaker or loudspeakers will have one mix of high-frequency and low-frequency components when heard "on axis"—along the line it is facing—and another mix when heard from other parts of the room. Different speaker systems have different "directional" characteristics.

The problem is made more difficult by the fact that loudspeakers put out less sound energy at lower frequencies. From the point of view of a listener sitting near the axis of the speaker, where the high-frequency sounds are louder, the low-frequency sound seems to be wandering of the waves can take all the bottom out of the music. Thus the recommendation that speakers be placed on the floor in a corner of the room, reducing reflections of the low frequencies that are bounced off toward the listening area, is actually based on this question of the walls. "It's like sitting a book by candlelight," says Victor Campese of A.R., the speaker manufacturer. "If you go to a wall with a mirror, you get twice as much light; go to a mirrored corner, four times as much light." The problem is that a corner of a room can quickly and inexpensively excite the full set of room resonances, and any "boominess" problems get worse.

Speaker placement is the best weapon most people have to control sound quality in a room where sound pressure is so distributed irregularly at low frequencies. Moving a speaker along a wall, into or out of a corner, will sometimes work miracles—certainly you should try your bookshelf speaker on the floor somewhere before condemning it as inadequate to your need for bass. And there are also some tricks of the trade. Pads can be made (though not elevated) by placing sound absorbers in some quantity on the walls (more-or-less random patterns of moderate-size acoustic absorbers on the wall, heavy tapestries or perforated acoustic film, will do more for you than covering the ceiling or one wall with an acoustically treated material); and a thin, heavily lined drape that runs the length of a wall can help especially if an air space of at least eight inches is left between the drape and the wall behind it.

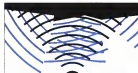
Electronic devices may also be used to provide a more uniform response. The most obvious is the bass control on your amplifier: there is no reason to leave

it "flat" when you feel the sound is better in your room with a bass boost or a bass cut. In addition, most better speakers have balance controls that can be used to alter the output ratio between low-frequency and high-frequency sound. A.R. makes a more sophisticated version of this control, a built-in autotransformer controlled by a three-position switch adjusting output below 300 Hz for placement on one surface (freestanding on the floor or on a shelf against a wall), against two surfaces (on the floor against the wall), or three surfaces (on the floor in a corner).

People who don't care how much money they spend for sound reproduction can buy a frequency equalizer made up of relatively narrow band filters for fine adjustment of speaker output on room characteristics. Professional equipment for the purpose has become a big business in the service of superamplified rock bands, which need to adjust their equipment in each new hall to avoid the screaming noises of accidental feedback. Most of what is offered for home use, unfortunately, offers only a relatively wide-band adjustment, each filter affecting an entire octave; but Altec, for just under \$1,000, sells an Acoustic-Voice unit that can be tailored by the owner to suit the room, possibly can, as advertised, "modify controlled response of room and speaker as required for optimum balance of frequency response in specified listening area."

Speaker placement may also affect one's feeling of "brightness" and "warmth" in reproduced sound. Here the actual frequency response of the speakers may be secondary to a "psychoacoustic" phenomenon that gives a greater feeling of liveliness if the first reflected sound reaches the ear rather quickly after the arrival of the first direct sound. (Thus, the seats in the center of a concert hall often seem a little dead by comparison with the seats on the side walls.) By placing an array of small speakers facing against a wall with only one facing toward the listening area, the Bose design seems to exploit this principle in home equipment. (Whether it does or not is a matter of one controversy.) Holm Lerner has pointed out that an "unintentional" sound effect can be achieved by placing a bookshelf speaker close to a wall with the speaker facing away from the wall: it will widen the apparent sound source, giving something a little closer to the feeling of concert-hall acoustics for big orchestras or choral recordings. On the other hand, some people believe that rather than make a room wider, a piano (or, worse, a solo fiddle or violin) seems to come from a spread-out source.

Rooms can be too bright or too dead for complete satisfaction in the reproduction of higher frequencies. Here the width is not the dimension but the absorption characteristics of the room. A room with thick carpet, a tapestry on one wall, overstuffed furniture and heavy drapes over the window is likely to sound like a funeral parlor, and while the treble control on the amplifier may help a little, the first line of defense is probably a hair-to-bristle correspondence with the lady of the house. The choice of drapes and upholstery fabric may make quite a difference. Harris suggests that the best way to make a rough judgment of the absorptive character of a fabric is to try blowing through it: if air comes through, it will absorb sound; if air doesn't come through, the absorptive capacity will be slight. The total effect of carpet and upholstery will affect the total absorption of the floor covering. In a city apartment, Harris recommends a thick carpet in a large living room even if the result is some loss of liveliness in sound reproduction, because the carpet will perform significant work in deadening the



The best thing you can do is figure out a room's acoustics to break up as many waves as possible with angled corners, pictures, bookshelves or general irregularity.

noise from the streets—and will also protect your neighbors below from some of the consequences of your sound system. (Your neighbors next door will grun, too—sound in many apartment houses tends to travel along these.)

In most situations, the best thing you can do to improve the acoustic character of your listening room is to break up as many waves as possible. Paintings on the wall should hit just a little to provide a surface that reflects sound waves in patterns different from the reflectivity of the wall itself. Pieces of hard-surfaced furniture—chairs, tables, desks—will help any room; so, as noted, will bookshelves with books of brick-size. Rooms in old-fashioned apartment houses—with visible beams in the ceilings, girders in the corners and moldings at floor and ceiling—are likely to sound better than rooms in new apartment houses, with their unadorned modernity. Rooms with rounded corners are a menace, as are bay windows and, indeed, any large curved surface, which will tend to create focal points where sound is louder than it is elsewhere in the room. Convex surfaces, however, are just what the doctor ordered, serving as they do to scatter the sound waves that hit them and disperse sound more equally around the enclosed space. Loudspeaker designer Stewart Hegeman suggests that if one part of the room is acoustically hard and another part is softer, the speakers should stand in the hard section, as if on a stage before a shell, and play toward the softer section.

Because virtually all surfaces absorb sound more quickly than air does, small rooms (with their higher ratio of surface to volume) tend to be dead by comparison with larger rooms. Thus, four-channel reproduction (which may or may not be quadruple) has special advantages in smaller rooms where it can create a larger natural ambience than the room provides. In a sense, quadruple sound recording when it is done well (which is still far from common) can "force" the feeling of a big room in a small room.

At home, Harris himself uses no fewer than six identical studio-monitor medium-size speaker systems, four of them in a room with a thick carpet, fabric-covered large chairs and couch, unadorned wood tables and hard chairs, no drapes, bookcases filling the gap between the windows on the long wall. Two of the speakers flank the windows (eighty inches apart, the windows six feet apart), standing upside down on the carpet (upside down because in these speakers the tweeters are on the bottom and Harris did not want them right on the carpet). "They're meant to be wall mounted," he explains, "but Ann [his wife] was sentimental." The second pair, even more sentimental, is in the base of a bookcase. "The only available

space"] directly across the short dimension of the room. Chorus stereo or quad effects are thus available only in a relatively small area of the room, which does not bother Harris at all, he is perfectly happy to listen off axis, less at the mercy of recording engineers.

The wall on which the main pair of speakers stands ends in a wide opening to a dining room behind it, and the third pair of speakers is in the dining room. All this was planned in advance, before the Harrisens moved into their apartment, and the wiring is buried in the plaster walls. The dining room has a side door, and the small bar/restaurant tables, chairs and dining-room pieces. When these speakers are added to the system, the sound in the living room is enriched by a slightly delayed, rather reverberant sound pouring through the wide opening. Harris notes mildly, with the air of a man saying that there is no accounting for taste, that none of his friends prefer to go into the dining room and listen there, because they like the louder sound. "You have to remember," he says, "that some people like room resonances!"

A lesser version of what Harris does is available to anyone with a L-shaped living-dining area and an amplifier that offers a "center-channel" option. The two speakers for the stereo system can be placed in the long end of the L, and the center-channel speaker can be placed at the end of the short section. Carrying being no disaster in a dining area, especially if you have children, that third speaker could live in a somewhat more reverberant atmosphere. The same approach to quad, with two speakers at each end of the L, may also be fit most people's most satisfying solution to the problem of playing ordinary stereo records through a four-channel amplifier. The third speaker will give greater richness to all the sound, creating something close to the concert-hall effect that is our usual definition of realistic sound reproduction.

Even so, it's hard to give loaded guarantees. "All I know," says Dave Hegeman, from fifty years' experience, "is that some rooms are good and some are lousy. If you get a lousy room," he suggests, "don't buy one of those vintage devices I'd put your money in room decoration, and make your room a nice place to live in." But when you place him, he begins to talk about the values of wallpaper (which he has at home) as against wood paneling (which he has in his shop), the absorption characteristics of different kinds of plaster, etc. Modern equipment—and the stuff really does get better every year—will give pleasure almost anywhere, but sound reproduction remains, as always, a business for professionals. ■



Rooms with bay windows or any other curved surface are just what the doctor ordered, serving to scatter the sound waves and disperse sound more equally around the enclosed space.

The Best Airport in America's Tampa The Worst Is O'Hare

by Calvin Trillin

And the most expensive airport sandwich is in Berlin, Alaska



In a lot of American cities, the location of the airport is the final municipal secret. A traveling salesman who starts out in his rental car toward the airport, dreading the time he will have to spend in a place so purposefully designed to make business travelers miserable, can take some perverse comfort in the fact that he probably won't be able to find it anyway. Occasionally when I am early for a flight, I spend my waiting time musing on the travails of my fellow traveling people who are trying to reach the airport for the same place—dreadfully searching their Berlin or Athens in order that they judge by the sign to be the right direction, something lanes suddenly to ask assistance from a policeman who cannot seem to be a desk man, taking dangerously abrupt turns onto thoroughfares that lead to interchanges with other thoroughfares that eventually end suddenly at Vista Van Kleefen, where the lanes open. In the Bob Hinkle Field referred to in the sign with an arrow pointing to the right but too close to the intersection to make a turn, possible the type of field from which airplanes take off—the city airport, perhaps—or the type of field upon which nine-year-old boys try to strike each other out for the glory of their parents? Could it really be that a road-sign symbol that looks like an airplane is being used to

guide travelers to the municipal waste-treatment plant? In a just world, any city that did not clearly mark the way to its airport would automatically lose its major league franchise.

I once pointed out in public print that my hometown, Kansas City—formerly the Gateway to the West and the Heart of America, now, fitly renamed the Embarrassment to mention, simply the City of Ponderosa—had built an airport that was called Kansas City International but did not happen to have any flights that took off from its runways and landed on foreign soil. It was a waste of time. I wrote an investigative reporting that I regretted almost immediately. Who wants to be in the position of knocking his own hometown? What was to reveal that his own hometown lacks the savvy to cover itself in such a situation by buying some place like Materoson to take a flight or two? Also, I knew I had a bias. I loved the old airport. It was called Kansas City Municipal, named, I always assumed, after a tax-free land I loved looking over the cattle pens of the stockyards and making the turn at the First Wagon Wheel and corner. It was right near the office buildings of downtown to land. I loved landing so close to town that a native son, who had a twenty-minute stopover before returning to the East could be met by a wild cabman bearing real barbecue ribs, still warm from their exposure to an authentic barbecue wood fire.

Also, I would have hated the new airport eyes if it had been called Henry Perry Field (named of Kansas City International—Henry Perry, the man who brought barbecue to Kansas City from Mississippi, being a cultural hero whose memory, I have often argued, has been shamelessly neglected by the city's enhanced K.C.I., as they call it, in

one of those new airports that has abandoned all other conveniences in order to shorten the distance a passenger has to walk from his car to the gate. During its construction, as I then in *The Kansas City Star* quoted airport experts as saying that the new airport would be "short as close to the ideal of driving right into the plane as we can get at this time." What the airport experts didn't say is that anybody who drives right onto the plane in that ideal airport will probably have driven twenty or thirty miles since last spotting any signs of human settlement, because the sort of airport designed to function like a drive-in bank tends to require an expanse of flat, empty savanna of the sort normally associated with the Utah salt flats. As it happens, traveling people—business, traveling salesmen, regional politicians, professors for the mob and others in my peer group—have no interest whatever in how close to the gate an airport user can park his car. We care about cars, and we need to be able to walk to them, until all the new ideal airports put the rental-car parking lots so far from the terminal that we now need to spend twenty minutes waiting for the rental-car man to show up waiting for the airplane. According to my admittedly rough calculations, the Harts parking lot at K.C.I. is farther from the terminal than downtown St. Louis from Kansas City Municipal. When I go to Los Angeles, I try to remember to fly United, because its gates are walking distance to the Harts lot. Or is it that the Avis car is walking distance from downtown St. Louis? That the kind of logistical detail we traveling people are forced to remember these days when we should have our minds free to concentrate on, depending on our business, what kind of car we should rent, whether to prefer or how to (Continued on page 148)

The Worst Airport in America Is Not O'Hare

by Melly Davis

You are now landing at the Dallas/Fort Worth airport.

Braze yourself.



The Dallas/Fort Worth Regional Airport may not be the worst in the world. I haven't seen them all, and I once had a real bad time in Manchester, Kansas.

On the other hand, DFW is clearly the most sophisticated airport in the human quadrant of the place have come from the citizens of Paris and Krakow. It is unanimously agreed by all those who know DFW and have it that the place has no redeeming spiritual value. The only shame came from professional critics. *New Yorker* sent its art critic, Douglas Davis, down to peer at the place before it opened, and he wrote many unkind words. "An astounding reputation of blind piety," he wrote. "No accessories to show or show itself."

But when does this have the impression, the true air of the inner life of the people who are most affected as well as pass through it then critical city?

DFW's designers were undoubtedly deliberate. One airport official said, "So John Lee Hooker can't come to live it. So he'll be with his." Tom Sullivan, DFW's first executive director, said, "We did not set out to build a monument. This is a tool." That was the general intent of the defense. DFW might not be a thing of beauty, but, by God, it would work. That then it opened in January, 1975, and even that thesis got tested.

DFW had to hire thirty-four "passenger-service agents" just to

direct people around the monster airport. Lost souls stood stranded in the snow between Dallas and Atlanta. DFW is replete with repulsive technologies. I held it personally responsible for the resulting mess "Metropolis" to describe Dallas, Fort Worth and surrounding suburbs. During its year-long test, DFW and bus service into Dallas and Fort Worth—DFW is about twenty miles from both downtowns. Airlines have nothing to do with that. It's an electric train that was so have been the key to DFW's success. When you hold an airport bigger than Manhattan Island, it behooves you to have some way to get people and baggage around in it. Airlines, disappointed by LTV's Aeromexico Corporation and its bus company, was to have been the perfect solution. You arrive on a Boeing flight and you have twenty minutes to be there if you want to leave the place to make a connection at the Continental terminal? Just go by yourself on Aeromexico and, well, you're there in no time. Only you aren't. The airport was about done for in that last March, and people started left a message stranded in Atlanta cars between Eastern and Texas International when their Delta flight took off. It produced a high frustration quotient.

Then on September 28, the same Atlanta system was shut down for the duration of what is shaping up as one of the better legal battles of our era. At over an inch taller LTV or the airport should pay the additional money it has had to work the kinds out of Atlanta DFW and LTV on September 30 for \$10,000,000, saying that LTV had used its "unavailable" this as against Atlanta, even though the train was "unavailable" and LTV responded gallantly by using the facilities, the airport board and the

eight major airlines that use the place for \$750,000,000, claiming those airlines had to pay for damage LTV. Since the whole airport cost a mere \$800,000,000, it must be shown that LTV is not for considerable in damages. LTV says Atlanta was working at over ninety-percent efficiency when it was shut down. The Atlanta feat has since been matched in plastic sheets, and folk are getting around DFW on buses.

Airport officials, ever polite, insist that the buses are working just dandy, since they can make better than the seventeen m.p.h. that was Atlanta's top speed. If this is true, the plane-thefted Atlanta can should be put on permanent display as a monument to madness.

In the meantime, DFW was making more needs with its inevitable apparatus for taxis, dinner and quarters. Airlines, when arriving, costs twenty-five cents. It's a taxi for a local phone call, a taxi to see, a dollar for a hamburger, and parking rates have gone up. You have to pay a quarter just to drive through the airport, and when you get a dollar into a DFW check-out machine, you get another dollar back.

John J. Redding Jr., an oilman from Midland, Texas, who says DFW is now taking a month, says he has as trouble getting around the place. "It's not hard to see, as long as you follow the signs and have your own car ready." We are aware not to reveal the name of the prominent, female Texas politician who recently got so annoyed with the ridiculousness that she passed Elmer's gas into the slot on the door of her pay toilet.

Elmer Vetter, a French journalist with that country's television network, came through DFW in early November. "Mel Davis, now Davis, now Davis," she shouted. "It is as terrible" (Continued on page 142)

Actually, They're All Pretty Awful

by Paul Goldberger

Why can't an airport be more like a train station?



Let it be said right off that the best airport in the world doesn't give me half as much pleasure as the most ordinary train station. Check some of that up to the romance of the railroad, surely, but air travel has its own romance—the problem is that it has not developed an architecture to go with it.

New Yorkers mourn the loss of Pennsylvania Station and four the end of Grand Central, but has anyone ever shed a tear for the old terminal at Newark, which has given us a way to a vast agglomeration of efficient white concourses? No, and that's as it should be, since the old terminal was nothing more than a less vast agglomeration of less efficient concourses. Airports, with very few exceptions, are among the most unpleasant public places we are ever forced to spend time in. They are not only not grand, they are hostile. They are mass buildings with glaring fluorescent lights, chairs arranged in antiseptic rows and hard service counters, they are supposed to be designed for efficient operation, yet they often require endless amounts of waiting. They do not even have the no-nonsense beauty of some of the more advanced, if less beautiful, examples of modern architecture, nor do they possess the somewhat vulgar kind of life that we associate with public places like Times Square—they are too sparse for that.

What isn't there at least a hint of the drama, the power, of train stations? Why, in the name of God, can't airports at the very least be

fun? There are a number of reasons why airports are what they are: the first is surely that the trains grew up just when America, as a nation, was growing rich and powerful, and what better way for Commodore Vanderbilt to show his industrial might than by erecting a monument to it called Grand Central Terminal? It is an accident that the great stations appeared just as our cities were finding their muscles and soul as the City Beautiful movement, an outgrowth of the excitement over the Texas Arts World's Fair, was spreading across the country.

By the time air travel came to dominate after World War II, it was inevitable that modern architecture would be the style to symbolize flight. But modernism's emphasis on pure, abstract spaces, perfect surfaces, and materials such as glass and steel, not only lacked the warmth, it lacked the innocence of those grandiose historical up-dos.



The ideal: Grand Central

that are the train stations.

More important, there isn't much innocence in the aviation theme, either. As corporate entities, they are far more anxious than the railroads were, how do you build a monument to computer-navigation systems and marketing studies?

Add to all of this the common problems inherent in the idea of an airport—getting people from downtown to a big slab of land, getting them into a building, disposing with their baggage and then getting them to an airplane that can't be too close to that building—and the odds are creating a very bizarre place as lower skill. These awful, interminable random connecting terminals to plane gates are a perfect case of form following function, and a lot of good (or chestnut) has been lost.

Must it be so awful? Well—architects are beginning to learn, bit slowly. At the moment the most common approach seems to be a sort of neo-architecturalism—plainer, more modest spaces, arranged carefully in not down the length of the line from out to in, better lighting, and then what we have seen with better colors and better materials. It's a top-out, since it doesn't even try to vent the horror away from train stations, but it seems to be the best we can do right now.

The only other less-able new airports are those in which all pretense of a humane, comfortable environment is given up as fear of a sort of super science-fiction world, to that the approach amounts to fantasy and to the notion of architecture as stage set, it is appealing, but it is awfully hard to bring off—Eero Saarinen tried it at the TWA terminal at Kennedy Airport and it looked much too theatrical. The only place such an environment has managed to be fun is at the new Charles de Gaulle Airport near Paris, where moving ramps carry passengers to the high Heugas tubes across a central core. It's a surreal world with bodies floating up through the crisscrossing transparent passages. We haven't quite equalled it—yet, herewith, a close look at some American attempts at airports, theatrical and otherwise.

HOUSTON INTERCONTINENTAL AIRPORT



This is said to be an airport for people who don't like airports, but it just goes to show how little the people who think they know why people don't like airports really know about airports. The claim to fame here is supposed to be a rearrangement of seating—you park on the roof and go down to the terminal by elevator. But all the plans really show is folks being walk out of the parking lot and put it into the building, since there is a long, long distance to be covered from the main terminal to any of the satellite gate facilities. The connecting corridor are a

weak attempt to play the 2001 game—large rounded walls, indirect lighting. It's not spooky enough to be good science fiction, it's not odd, like most of the rest of the place. The terminal buildings themselves, by Galman & Reife and Pierce & Pierce, are affected by that strange modern-architecture veneer called post-modernism—everything is beige or brown, there are red signs, all the lettering is in the same discreet sans serif type, making the entire building feel very much like one of those living rooms in which the eastern match the wallpaper.

LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT



"The architecture is rigidly controlled," says a press release about the L.A. airport, which gives one point, other no other architecture in L.A. is rigidly controlled, so as to control it all. But no fear, it's a line that was possibly put in there to please a few stuffy Eastern portents, since in fact the L.A. airport is as confused a jumble as anything else in the city.

The airport consists of a series of rather bland terminals of the exposed-concrete-terrace-kind/fluorescent-light school of the 1960s, in a sort of deconstructed-uncolored-plastic tone to separate satellite terminals reachable only by underground corridors that have moving walkways. In the middle of the U are the structures that usually dominate the whole place: parking garages, a control tower, a cooling plant, and what the airport calls an Futuristic Theme Building, a 150-foot structure of ad-

vanced American Lockheed Associates and William Beckett Associates, looks very futuristic enough, if it ever did. Indeed, near the airport is the Los Angeles itself, an expanse of very old structures punctuated by monstrous ugly and useless but rather wonderful. The Theme Building is to the airport what Disneyland is to the city.

MINNEAPOLIS-SAINT PAUL INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT



This is the archetypal 1960's airport—finished in 1962—yet that Minneapolis never has been the cutting edge of the avant-garde. The Minneapolisians and their architect, Coney Associates, gained no advantage at all from waiting till the end of the Fifties to build their Fifth Airport, although the concourse building to the gates are color-coded, which obviously struck somebody as terribly chic.

Like everybody's impression of

the Twin Cities, the airport is solid, respectable and efficient, but there's

no real spark. The main building is an almost five-hundred-foot-long structure of glass and steel, with a concourse-concrete roof that looks like the architect wanted to get decorative but knew that to really let me would ruin the Minnesota no-nonsense image.

Inside, lots of hard surfaces, gleaming tiles, chairs bolted down to floors. Because it's Minnesota, everything always seems to smell, and there's no sense for that, since if one had to put up with the delays and confusion of most other cities, this would be an aggressive building indeed.

Paul Goldberger is the architecture critic of *The New York Times*.

DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT Chantilly, Virginia

"Maybe the building will explain what I believe about architecture," Kenzo Sasaki said on his last visit to the site before his death in 1986. Dulles Airport, finished in 1962, is considered by many his masterpiece, and perhaps it is. Sasaki is looking less and less like the great architect of the epoch, as he was thought to have been in the Fifties, but Dulles is unquestionably the closest we have come in the United States to designing an airport that can at least be mentioned in the same breath with the major buildings of our time.

It is a six-hundred-foot-long structure of concrete, with a swooping roof, along like a hammock from concrete piers. The piers lean outward, and the overall effect is one of great drama powerfully scaled to the empty Virginia landscape. A control tower, its octahedron designed in counterpoint to the form of the ter-



minus, completes the composition.

It is theatrical, no question, and represents a sort of naive belief in the deep meaning of searing form. But if, in its excess, it is dated as pure architecture, it still stands alone among airports as the only one that even attempts to deal symbolically with the idea of gateway and provides an antidote for the beginning and end of a trip.

Dulles is also famous for its "mobile lounges," bus-like vehicles that

transport passengers from terminal to plane. They are fun if you are a kid, silly and inconvenient if you are not. Architectural historian Vincent Scully contemptuously dismissed them as "Afrika Koope drop cabs," and it seems increasingly clear that, whatever protestations were offered about the lounges as an advance in airport technology, their real purpose was to keep the elegant terminal looking free of protruding "fingers."

EASTERN SHUTTLE TERMINAL La Guardia Airport, New York City



La Guardia Airport is spoken of fondly by travelers to and from New York, who are so glad not having to go as far as Kennedy that they will forgive anything. But there are almost no apologies for the segment of La Guardia that serves passengers on Eastern's shuttle flights to London and Boston; it is a converted narrow building that, for all Eastern keeps doing to it, can never seem to shake its previous identity.

The shuttle terminal is too small. It has no place, or almost no place, to

sort down. There are few services. There are long lines down to every which direction. They are full of people waiting to board, and when the lines begin to move, the people have to go outside, because there is no way to board planes without waiting across the street. It all looks like one of those wartime conversions into an emergency airplane. But at least the travelers who passed through these facilities did not have to pay for the privilege of doing so.

JOHN F. KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT New York City

It seems as one offered Edward Durrell Stone the commission to design one of the terminals at Kennedy airport, which was too bad, since, having just finished the white-columned, lattice-work-shedder U.S. Embassy at New Delhi, he had a whimsical scheme available. But genius finds its way, and Mr. Stone, dressed his chosen to redo his New Delhi embassy in the name of New Americans or Easterns, scaled it down and plopped it at the airport entrance as a Gulf station.



Maybe the man station tells the story of Kennedy better than anything else, for in that forty-nine hundred acres in the center beside Jamaica Bay can be found virtually every architectural cliché of the past two decades. Where to begin?

Sidewalk Canyons and Herd's International Airways Building and control tower was an attempt to create some sort of central design theme. Unfortunately, the blank steel-and-glass style just brings Third Avenue's sterility out to Queens. It's too weak to pull the rest of the place together, and it offers no comfort at all to the weary traveler in search of some sort of business, relaxing space.

The rest of the place is architectural blather gone wild. The most famous building is TWA's pretentious concrete pile by Eero Saarinen; it is a architectural over-the-top if there ever was one

and a poor dress rehearsal for his more successful building at Dulles. What integrity this terminal might have had was long ago destroyed by TWA, which has done things like have a clock from Saarinen's central chandelier.

Pan Am built a weaker, British

Aerways, a stucco mass of English brickwork that makes you think you're already at Heathrow; Eastern, United and Northwest contributed glass-and-steel structures that are miserable chiefly for their resemblance to most of the other airports, with fluorescent lights

glaring on second-terrace floors. Neither is very good in itself, and the whole is such a mess that it is worse than the sum of its parts. If you want to seek refuge, there are always the chapels set in the midst of the parking lot—on an island called Ten-Fifth Place.



SEATTLE-TACOMA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

There is a reasonable amount of catching here and a lot of the flying is no different, rather than Saarinen. The architects of the airport would definitely prefer to see other themes pressed, but no matter, it is little details like that, rather than the Steven Architecture Associates, that give this place what can be called quality it has.

Not that it has all that much of it Seattle, along with Tampa, Kansas City, Dallas/Fort Worth and Houston, is among the nation's most serious attempts to rub out the airport problem. As with most of the others, it succeeds best at what the kind of people who are doing the rethinking value most: efficiency. As architecture, it still has a long way to go.

The building resembles as much as anything else what is properly called the brutalist style: exposed



concrete, exposed steel, drains, heavy geometric masses. Like the Houston airport, there is a lot of good taste here: nothing garish, but then again, nothing very exciting either, and the insurance spot not offending makes the place suitably dull.

Sea-Tac, as the locals call it, was completed in 1973 to designs of The Richardson Associates. The design-

ers specifically rejected the urban, now becoming more common, of spreading out the gates and permitting travelers to park almost beside their plane positions; instead, entry is central and an automated subway covers the distance to satellite terminals. Its cars wheel along, magically stopping and the doors neatly opening in an effort it is all kind of far, but thing that feels like a chess, sophisticated I.R.T., but the system handles crowds poorly, and sometimes one feels an almost unbearable urge to walk.



Robert Sommer Plays with Airports

by Ralph Keyes

It's amazing what you can do with a bunch of chairs. Nothing



When he has time to kill between flights, Robert Sommer rearranges airport seats. He has discovered that the straight rows of chairs in airports are seldom fixed permanently to the floor and not always to each other. The only reason they're left in rows is that that's the way they're left. To Sommer, that isn't reason enough.

Once he had a couple of extra hours in the San Francisco airport. So Sommer started pulling seats apart and putting them in circles. The psychology textbook was to encourage human community, make it easier for people to talk. His field notes tell what actually happened:

"155 pm, I made . . . two circles with approximately 5 chairs each out of one straight row of 10 chairs."
"A couple came into the room a few minutes later and they occupied two of the chairs. The lady however moved back from a corner-to-corner arrangement so that she was sitting alongside her husband."

"2:10 Two ladies entered and sat in the liberated zone but again moved the two chairs from corner to corner so that they were alongside one another."

"2:13 Interaction between two. Ralph Keyes is a fellow at the Center for Studies of the Person in La Jolla, California. His book, *Where We Sit After Hours*, Scholastic, will be published by Little, Brown in April.

new couples who waited in and now stood at the window. They remained at the window conversing and ignored the chairs which I put in a conversational arrangement. (At this point, I am terribly discouraged—those who did sit in the two circles moved the chairs side by side.)

"I don't know what to make of this experience. It is in the old days in the mental hospital where we moved the chairs away from the walls out to the center of the room around tables. The patients were the first ones to move the chairs back against the walls where they belonged. I think the same thing happened here. . . . People just naturally expect to converse side by side in an airport waiting area—that is how the chairs belong—the usual behavior, the seemed—certainly discouraging."

Robert Sommer is an expert on the psychology of human environments. In several books (*Personal Space*, *Design Awareness*, *Flight Stress*), he has taken the position that buildings should be pleasant to inhabit as well as nice to look at. This unconventional stance puts him against building architects who produce architecture and owners who dream of provokable security. Sommer thinks it possible that the mere presence fail by their own standards, the greater seems to be their impatience for other settings. Airports for example. "Many older buildings," he writes, "such as mental hospitals and jails, also discourage contact between people, but move them out as effectively as the airport."

Sommer thinks this is a shape "Airports used to be romantic places" he explains. "Airports used to be fun places! Kids used to be taken to airports on school trips. But the romance has gone out."

With his pointed glasses and thick, black-rimmed glasses, Robert Som-

mer suggests a mad scientist more than a mad scientist. Or possibly a good-humored Twinkly in Walgreens. Make no mistake: this man is a researcher, a designer. Robert Sommer isn't only because airports should be more pleasant, he even once suggested to a Holiday Inn manager that they set up "Friendship Tables" for those who don't like sitting alone. Sommer also engaged recently in a satirical attempt to walk between terminals at the Dallas/Fort Worth airport. As one might expect, such a man's proposals for airport reform have rather a steep run.

"Why not make these nice places?" asks Sommer. "Places that people want to come to? Why not have nightclubs inside?" Or rooms to rent for parties. Free movies. Exciting shows. Why not roller coasters? Why not better airports?"

Better upon the fantasy for me is his second-floor office at the University of California at Davis, where he is professor of psychology and environmental studies and until recently chairman of the psychology department. Taking me to a room across the hall, Sommer put a mirror of slides on a projector. This is a better view of airport scenes that he uses to illustrate lectures on the topic. In the slides, single bodies twist grotesquely in fixed seats; whole lines of bodies lean back and forth, like swaying workshop, trying to talk. Side by side, they sit, some at insurance machines, and sick, nerve walkways mark the shuffling feet of old people.

A rare scene is of four soldiers chatting face-to-face. On that one, they're forced out of airport chairs and to move. More common is the picture of six people lined up straight as students, straining to keep up a conversation. After taking this picture, Sommer asked the group why they didn't talk a little more to face each other. "It hadn't occurred to

them," he recalls. "Institutional mentality." Back in his office, Sommer dumped a 50¢ box on the desk and began peeling apart its contents for me to examine. Included in the box were architects' reports, airport field notes, students' seminar papers on air-terminal usage and drained airport-orientation questionnaires. Sommer told me that the majority of those filling out that questionnaire find airports cold, sterile and inhospitable. Must also work it were otherwise.

But I wondered if people don't say this mostly because it sounds right. Isn't it possible that we crave the isolation of an airport but think that wouldn't be Christian to think? "No, no," Sommer replied, jerking forward in his chair. "In fact, it's the other way around. We're not supposed to experience isolation. As a psychologist, I assure you that many users of airports not only didn't want to meet people but most de-

initely do want to meet people." But the problem, he went on, is that there simply isn't incentive to make airports sociable, or even pleasant. If anything, there is a disincentive: nonusers income is a basic source of airport revenue; the more comfortable people find in waiting areas, the less likely it is they'll get up to buy a snack or occupy of the National Emporium.

So the real incentive is to make an airport waiting area the sort of place you love to leave. Seats are provided gradually and with priority higher than comfort. One priority is to make sure nobody falls asleep. To this end, fixed armrests are provided. Another priority is to help the confusion by attaching seats together in straight rows that are not only swept around. (Sommer feels confusion in general would be much cloud in the design of buildings.) A final priority is to make sure furniture doesn't get stolen or vandalized by making it heavy.

fastened together and sometimes bolted down. The result is a setting without warmth or character. "Airports are probably the epitome of placeness," Sommer has written. "The placeness environment results all efforts at personalization; it does not respond to human inputs, a man can leave his litter but not his mark."

Reaching inside the debris on his desk, Sommer pulled out an ad for American Airlines. This is headed, "A simple answer to your passenger's needs." "That's the attitude," Sommer said, tapping the ad with his finger. "Passengers are like eggs. Cracks 'em up and ship 'em." It is Aviation Week, an Eastern Airlines architect recently took pointed exception to Robert Sommer's lament. He made the point that airports were primarily "an environment . . . for moving people" and questioned whether the opportunity for (Continued on page 112)

PLANE SPEAKING: A FEW MORE WORDS FROM THE PEOPLE WHO FLY

Mr. Kenneth, hotelkeeper

Airports are boring, dehumanizing, wall-to-wall polyester. I'd have hotels or busstops, motels, traffic doctors—humans instead of announcements near the loudspeakers, and screens with flashing signs. The Las Vegas airport is appalling. They have received millions from casinos and commercial jets—James Rodney Duganfield—joking and telling you to move to the right of the conveyor belt so that people can pass you on the left. I couldn't believe it. On top of everything else, the airport is crawling up the wall.

Ellen Jewerly, economist

I notice only one thing: how long it takes me to get in and out. I put all thoughts of luxury and sociability out of my mind. I don't want to get sweated up or exhausted or suffocated. I want stress and stress. The doctrine used Kansas doesn't apply. Why, what are you going to do, have better coffee for plastic food?

Beaverly Sills, opera singer

I just ignore them. I put me there. I can't think when I'm in airport looks like. Just so long as the planes take off and land on time and the airport's not too hot or cold. They usually are too cold in the summer,

and I can get hypothermia between the airports and the terminals. As a result, the airports have done a marvelous job. I'm sensitive—nerves bother me—but you can sit in a restaurant at Kennedy for two hours, with hundreds and hundreds of planes taking off, and you can't remember hearing anything. That's fantastic.

Kenneth Jay Lane, jewelry designer

They should have recreation at airports—a health club, a massage parlor, aquatic parks. Flashes, things where it doesn't matter what you wear in and out. We could have The Steamroom.

John Hoody, United Air Lines pilot

Airports were never designed for the convenience of passengers. People who fly know that an airport is runway, taxiway, fuel, security, control, and approach facilities and good maintenance. You could operate from a tent if you had to. I guess my favorite airport is Tampa—it's modern, automated and the shuttle trains work like gang bangers. Very few pilots go to the airport. I've got a dog out on the lot dog stand. If he ever get a load of bad he'll shut down several airlines. Philadelphia Terminal used to serve the best steppin' soup, but

the reason I've heard is that the people who made the soup have been indicted. The seafood guide in the Employees' Cafeteria in New Orleans airport is out of this world.

Arthur Bailey, novelist

Above all airports I like Chicago's O'Hare. The crime is the crime of air-traffic controllers are at O'Hare and New York. Expensive airport expansion should be halted. The public must accept some crowding, discomfort and delay in the interests of safety. Some airports have just recently with others very close I'm through Dallas/Fort Worth, I think of Gibson's *Doctor and Fate* of the Roman Empire. We've become spoiled, enough is enough, we should make more and more money on air-traffic control. The most important part of an airport is the part the public doesn't see.

F. Lee Bailey, lawyer

Usually I've got a bunch of phone calls to make, and there's seldom a convenient place to sit. I don't want to sit. No one could do it. I once took an open-hammock facilities, a little table with a desk, a switchboard, a girl to place calls, instead of feeding around with dimes.

The Ten "Toughest" Photographs of 1975



In 1910, Inogen Cunningham took her new husband up on Mount Rainier, in the state of Washington, and photographed him in the raw, posing him everywhere—in the woods, in the lake, perched on the edge of the mountain itself. When she published these perfectly innocent, embarrassingly romantic pictures back home in Seattle, she found herself accused of sins against both aesthetics and morality. "It created such a fuss," she says now, "that I withdrew them for years." It is thus delicious that Inogen appears, as you can see at left, in the first image of this portfolio of pictures, the grande dame of photography casting hard upon a naked model full front in the woods (Inogen's bare-chested husband was only seen from the rear in 1915), woman to woman. The model, Twain, who is quite familiar to connoisseurs of the photographer Judy Dater, is only surprised, like a contemporary Steins of the Bible, this time by an elder who is female.

Inogen's pretense here is delicious not only because she was one of the first "tough" American photographers, but because her presence in Dater's photograph (which is titled *Inogen and Twain*) is a political presence. "Tough," it should be instantly said, is not the equivalent of "nude." It has come to mean (particularly in the recent visual arts) a work that defies the expectations of its audience yet, in the deepest sense, serves that audience. "Tough" does not mean pushing, asserting, thinking the next. It is not a picture striving to please. It simply refuses pleasure as the normal, accepted ground. The picture fences with you, even jabs you and then, You may not like a "tough" photograph—or painting—the first time you see it. But you don't forget it. You keep thinking about it. You may decide you like it a year later, or ten years, or never. But it hangs in your mind. It isn't easy to forget.

Inogen's photographs of her nude husband were quickly published in a Seattle newspaper. They were not seen again (and "accused") until 1970, fifty-five years later. By then, the appearance of a nude male in a set of photographs made by a woman was no longer difficult for either eye or mind—what had been taboo is now safe. Isolated from its medium, this painful process of urban-revolution-accusation seems a little like a work of the insensitivity both of photography and its audience. The nude male has been a staple in painting and sculpture, after all, for over three thousand years. Though nineteenth-century Americans art created the subject cautiously, Thomas Eakins came along in the 1880's to rip the loincloth from a model

Inogen and Twain by Judy Dater. "Inogen and I were teaching a workshop together in Yosemite as the nude in the landscape. Twain was one of the models. I wanted to do a portrait of the two of them together, because they are both very special people to me. I asked them to stand by that large tree; I directed them and they performed for me. The photograph is the result of that brief encounter. I made it with a Deschiff 4x5 special, using Yousang ARA 100 film exposed one second at f 22."

Douglas Davis is a critic, an artist and a defender of photography as an art form. He has selected these pictures to demonstrate where he thinks photography is today and where it's going. Below, he defines the word "tough" as it applies to the visual arts. The photographers themselves describe their pictures in the captions.

posing before his students at the Pennsylvania Academy. Of course, there was fierce and resistance. But Eakins finally prevailed, and American painting was considerably freer and freer than American photography thirty-five years later. There is no comparable confrontation of the male body by Inogen's predecessors and contemporaries—Slighin, Street, Hiss, Stochen, Weston—all of whom were men (a single exception is this might be Weston's photographs of his nude seven-year-old son).

This is why the presence of Inogen is politically as well as aesthetically delicious. Her 1915 photograph was scandalous not simply because of her subject but because of the photographer's sex. In Dater's picture, she is woman sitting as voyeur upon woman. And it is undeniably true that the use of photography in such cases made these pictures "tough"—more difficult to accept—than similar images in almost any other medium, with the possible exception of video. No matter how effusive a painted image might be, it is still painted and thus bound to a tradition that Western culture has effectively separated from the real world. A change in the means of painting—Pollock's splattering, Warhol's silk-screening—was a change made somewhere else, not in daily life. But a photograph is daily life. To look at it is not to escape reality; it is to create—in very complex ways—reality. This is why photographs ultimately horrify, because they move and inform us on levels that painting cannot touch, why man-woman politics are inseparable from this medium in their most specific, contemporary form. Photography is now—for a previous moment in time and nature—suspended between both information and art.

I am defining photography as I write, and the reader should know that my definition is hardly the accepted one, nor is photography currently the darling of what might be called the intellectual-cultural establishment, despite its recent celebrity and success in the collecting marketplace. For generations we have been taught that photography is a "mirror" of reality, that the finest practitioners of this craft-art are those who can accurately "recreate" that reality (its hidden patterns, beauties and tragedies) in the future of a second—Gertie Steinman called it "creative realism." The proponents of this theory (which I utterly reject) are not only advocates and supporters of photography. They include its detractors as well. The most powerful detractor in recent years has been Susan Sontag, who blames much of Western society's ill upon photography, most of all our horrible alienation from real experience. We have allowed photography to define the world for us, she says, particularly in the case of war. "It is impossible to look at a photograph," she says, "without believing that what is there is real." By this looking at an image of a Vietnamese orphan (as well as of Nanjing, Poland, an African family) which we have "captured" a part of those realities.

Sontag is obsessed with the voyeuristic photographer in Sontag's *On-Off*, straddling his helpless female victim, sliding away. (Continued on page 154)



The World Body-Building Guild, Mr. Brooklyn Contest, Coney Island Casino, Brooklyn by Neal Barna (below). "The picture was made with a Hasselblad roll film camera and strobe lighting. The contestants were asked to show the muscles and parts of the body to their best advantage. It is a group portrait."



Peter's Moby Station and Water Tower, Cherry Hill, New Jersey by George Tree (left). "I was intrigued by the unusual presence of the tower looming up and dwarfing the gas station. The picture had to be taken at twilight, while there was still some light in the sky, so as to separate the tones between the sky and the tower. To get a two-minute exposure took an hour because traffic kept moving in front of my camera. I had to cover up the lens every few seconds."



Beach Swimmers by Geoff Worthington (above). "I don't see fancy or complicated equipment. The picture is his own statement. There is nothing more to say. I sat on the beach over Labor Day and took a lot of photos."

Ten-o'-clock Asleep by Larry Clark (below). "I am working on a book entitled Ten-o'-clock Asleep and this is an idea from it. I never thought Enquire would print this picture."





Painted by Benno Friedman (upper left). "A continuous interest/fascination with the sensual/sexual/erotic bringing me from time to time into the theaters of Times Square. In watching the movies, becoming aware that the turn-off was in the excessive reality of the situation. Realizing that photographing directly from the screen was perhaps a method for transcending mystery. I photographed in the theater, which probably destroyed/invented the fantasies of everyone else with each rifle shot from my Nikon. From being bored at the movies, I became turned on (in my darkness). The technical manipulation and general chicken-scratching this photograph (and almost all of my photographs) was subjected to is the manifestation of my unswerving dedication to the dream/visions of the late Dr. Freudenberg." Deer, Rockingham County, Virginia by Emmet Gowen (lower left). "This photograph was taken with an old 8x10 box camera. I am interested in the transition from the rectangular vintage print to the circular and back. So are Chinese painters. I think the picture is irrational. The boy who killed the deer did so as a perfectly normal person. He might have been astonished or even shocked that someone would photograph the head." S-S-S by Michael Bishop (above). "I use charm and other furniture, non-objective objects and forms as subjects because they provide a neutral but familiar base. Often the photographs are difficult to read despite that. I find the usual black-and-white tone range visually unrewarding. So I use various tints, sometimes keyed to the images, to escape black and white."



*Portrait of Nunsies
TAGORE by Arthur Tress
(above). "She is at a
state reformatory for
women. I went there to
shoot at a photography
workshop. I explained
how I work with subjects
to set out their dreams
and hidden feelings.
That woman felt she was
oppressed, with a feeling
of a limited horizon
nearby."*

*Foot Hill Road, Beverly
Hills, California by
Stephen Shore (right):
"I'd like to quote Witter
Byssons on Chinese
poetry: 'Whereas Western
poets will take actualities
as points of departure for
exaggeration or fantasy
... the great Chinese
poets accept the world
exactly as they find it,
as it is given, and with
profound simplicity find
therein sufficient
subject ...'"*



TO BE YOUNG, RICH AND

UNHAPPY IN AMERICA

by Peter Collier
and
David Horowitz

The Rockefeller Cousins—
millionaires in
search of themselves

In the freshly mown field, Western Pacific's red caboose Number 404 stands rusty and faking up the moist warmth of the northern California summer. Smoke curls out of a stovepipe peking up from its roof. The only sounds are the busy noise of bees from a nearby hive, the territorial screech of roosting blackbirds.

A blond woman emerges from the back of the caboose where she has just finished cooking over a wood-burning stove. Her hair is gathered off the pretty sun-freckled face into an old green cloth, a then coiling of dust clings to her handmade ankle-length skirt. Tied by a handkerchief four-year-old with hair that is almost white in the sun, she spreads some dietary advice on a compost pile and then walks over to shade herself for a moment in a stand of locust trees.

What is the great-granddaughter of John D. Rockefeller and potentially one of the richest and most powerful women in the country doing in a place like this? For Maria, second daughter of Laurence, the answer seems easy and without reflection. "It feels good here," she says in her soft, serene way. "Very good. The work, everything. Things seem to be coming off all right. More and more I feel that I control my life, that it's my life and not in luck in the family."

Maria lives here in the caboose only on weekends and in the summer. The rest of the time is spent in Berkeley, where her husband, Warren, is finishing a Ph.D. thesis at the university. The plan is to move here permanently when he finishes and complete the organic farm forebears lived in the large parsonage patch whose fruits are sold in the fall at a roadside stand. In the meantime, they work hard to be self-sufficient and to keep a tight budget. So far they manage on \$700 a month for the family of four, the first Rockefellers in more than a hundred years to live below the national average.

Unlike previous Rockefellers, Maria is trying to be free of the money, not worthy of it. A convert to Thoreau's idea that one is rich in proportion to the num-

ber of things one can do without, she supplements Warren's income as a teaching assistant by baby-sitting and weaving and by growing confrey in the backyard of the Berkeley home and selling it to local health-food stores where they have no idea that they are paying fifty cents a plant to a Rockefeller with a \$10,000,000 trust fund and the promise of many times that to come.

She is like her cousin in her attitude toward money: her struggles are symbols of an effort to gain control over the terms of her life, to "get off the breast." Her ultimate goal is to have the Rockefeller identity totally behind her: "The fortune should be made extinct," she says passionately. "I was with my father recently and he was talking about making up his will. I don't want his money passed on to me. I don't want it passed on to my children. I don't want them to have to deal with what I've had to deal with. I hope the social revolution will come soon and take away from us the necessity of having to deal with it."

When the Cousins (as the offspring of John D. Rockefeller Jr.'s daughter, Alice, six of her five sons are known) gather every June and December for their semiannual meetings, there is no doubt they are Rockefellers. Having life laboratories through their fairs are the telltale square jaw of their grandfather and the generous mouth of his wife, Abby. There are twenty-one Cousins (the number does not include Nelson Jr. and Mark, Nelson's sons by his second wife; any of the fifth generation of second cousins, so far numbering forty-two; or Michael, Nelson's son, who died in 1941 on an anthropological expedition to New Guinea). The Cousins' ages range from twenty-three to forty-nine and their political opinions from conservative Republican to Marxist. Yet they are united by something thicker than blood itself: an accumulating consciousness, a wariness to habitual and ingrained that it cannot be relaxed. They have the look of people who have grown up and lived with a burden they still aren't sure how to handle.

Wes Paul, only child of Winston Rockefeller's short-lived marriage to Bobo Sears (the daughter of Lubin-son immigrant parents, she received a \$6,000,000 divorce settlement), spent his early years with his

mother, far from New York; but the other Cousins grew up as their fathers had: weekdays were spent in New York City, weekends and vacations were spent at Pocantico, the family's rambling 4100-acre estate twenty miles north. There would always be good memories of Pocantico.

The older Cousins have vague recollections of Benhur, their great-grandfather, the tiny debate, parchment-skinned founder of Standard Oil. For the younger ones, however, the first John D. Rockefeller was only an image in the old Pyle memoirs: the family often appeared together in a kind of elaborate home movie to show at Christmas parties—an oddly Chaplinesque figure duffing his hat and dropping dress into the embarrassed hands of children. Very much of the Cousins, the earliest memories were of the period just after the first John D.'s death, the World War II years when their own fathers (with the exception of Nelson) were gone for long periods, suddenly reappearing in striastr uniforms, their arms filled with presents.

During the war and for some time after it, Pocantico was a society of women, children and servants. The Cousins went with head grandmothers Tom Pyle each morning to dig out for ferns and see the newborn chicks. They were taught to ride by the Prussian riding master Joe Black, who kept their grandfather's stables and named the Arabians after Rocky, Mike, and other Cousins' nicknames. There were jumping and steeplechase competitions organized by their grandmother and their Aunt Blanche, in which there were exactly the same number of ribbons as entrants in each category.

There were certain things that didn't make sense, such as the time Nelson's son Michael was rescued by one of the savage guard dogs that patrolled the estate, and they would look back later on wonder if Pocantico had been a paradise or a prison. Yet when they were young, it was Eden.

"It was corrupted in green and very beautiful," Maria remembers. "There were deer, raccoons, foxes, other animals living in our woods. We were almost like Indians. We roamed and roamed at will on our horses. We took off most of our clothes and rode half naked. Sometimes we rode on Great-grandfather's golf course. Once our horses' hooves gouged great cracks

of soil out of his putting greens. We laughed."

The Cousins occasionally played in the \$200,000 pleasure boat that had been built for their fathers when they were young. But not splash and the other sports for which it had been designed. The older Cousins introduced the younger ones to the subject of sex in the clubhouse, whispering in the closets and accompanying the discussions with furtive, groping explorations. They occasionally took their mixed outdoors. Once the children of Nelson and Laurence straggled naked and joined in "rucking" the matrons at work. They were given the stiff punishment of being forbidden to play together for a week.

Only the boys were allowed to have friends visit them from the nearby haven of Pocantico Hills. Yet the parents' fears of coquetry were unnecessary. The Cousins felt more comfortable with each other than with outsiders. There were pairs of friends within the group even closer than brothers and sisters: Marcus and Nelson's daughter Mary, Nelson's Steven and Laurence's Laura, Laurence's Lucy and David Jr. They formed cliques and built cliques with cliques of contraband come home visiting in strange clothes.

The doors to state a piece of ground for their own and claim it with a reluctant spring from a feeling that their father, formal, reserved, appeared with the dutiful precision of hotels, did not really reflect them. "With servants, you can't do anything but it is broken away or it is picked up, you don't really make a mark," says Maria. "I never was allowed to make my room my own." Her older sister, Laura, agrees. "I hated every place we lived. We were always trying to make some copy little place that belonged just to us. We went from one chicken coop to another, and we built shacks as children."

The Cousins' memories of their grandfather—Mr. Junior—are firm. Ever when well into his eighties, he controlled Pocantico with an iron hand. The thing, perfectly controlled and cared for horses kept in the central stable were taken out only by Grandfather's permission. The armadillo of electric cars zipping soundlessly over the estate was his command. The beauty of food every family received from "the farm house" and vegetable garden came from him. He alone con-

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trold the appearance of the small army of volunteers tending the estate.

Like their fathers, the Cousins chafed under January's yet they never experienced him as a disciplinarian. To them, he was a shy and increasingly fragile man whose uniform of dark suit and tie and starched white shirt was envying, whether he was meeting with associates from New York City or going for a Sunday afternoon drive with Martha. Barry Aldrich, the oldest of the four, had married after his wife's death. He was like a gentleman from one of the old books their mothers read to them; proper, meane, dignified—a man left over from a prior age. The Cousins quickly learned that it was irrelevant whether or not one loved Grandfather, he must be respected.

The experienced Junior at parental dinners as each family took its turn to have Sunday lunch at his house. These domestic meals were anticipated with excitement and a measure of dread; the Cousins understood that Grandfather was a man who embodied the best history of the family as much as they themselves did. His future hopes, hair braided and cowlicks rebuffed, clothes flawlessly pressed and crinkled with starch, they sat solemnly at the long dining-room table, where petals dotted in crystal finger bowls and golden silver conversation luscious above the slick of olive-green cloth.

After the Sunday lunches were over, Junior would push away from the table and sit down on the floor to play with them, often musical instruments, an old marionette game that gave him a chance to correct their phantasmic pronunciation of names like Beethoven or Brahms. Or he would read from some book like *Tom Sawyer* or *Tom Sawyer*—the Cousins' nervous voices and carefully developing the suspense or humor.

He was the center of the world of Potomac—the patriarch. It was he who told the Cousins about what their duties were as Rockefeller—yet not in so many words. There was just an air about him, a peculiar aura, as his voice would tell them that "your family" meant about everything. On his tenth birthday, Nicholas son Steven received this note from Junior:

"Dearest Steven:
"Tomorrow is your birthday and here is your birthday check. You have had presents like this before so you will know what to do with it. I wonder if your mother or father goes to an allowance and whether you write down in a little book what you are given and what you spend? If you do not do this, someday you will. Your father did it, and all of your energy. It helps to keep track of money, to know how much one has and how one spends it."

"Money is a useful thing to have. You can buy candy with it, and toys, and marbles and books and many other things you may like to have. But it has other uses. When there are children who are hungry or who are cold or who have no home, it helps to get for them what they need. . . . You will enjoy the toys and the marbles much more when you have given something he needs to another boy who has less than you. . . ."

The massive fortunes of almost \$500,000,000 that Jacobus H. Rockefeller bequeathed to his father had been largely distributed by the time the Cousins were grown. Much had gone into the Rockefeller Foundations and the other corporate philanthropies and institutions that had been his lifework. It had brought important future assets like Rockefeller Center and created huge trusts for his sons. Yet Junior realized that being a

Rockefeller was involved with having a piece of Standard Oil. In 1952, he took \$250,000 of his remaining shares of Standard Oil of New Jersey stock and set up trust funds for his grandchildren—\$50,000 shares for each family, split evenly between the children in it. In David's family of six children, for instance, each child got proportionately less than the children in Laurence's family of four. But at any case each of the Cousins would have a comfortable sum of \$50,000,000 to \$100,000,000 an allowance.

"Ever since I was very young," J.D.R.'s daughter Alicia says, "I was made to think that I had a special duty. From the time I was five years old I got an allowance that gradually increased from fifteen cents to the dollar a week. There were three little power books. I got fifteen cents to spend, fifteen cents in coins, and fifteen cents to give away. Every Christmas season, my father would sit down with me and we'd decide who I'd give the money in the third box to. Usually some went to Riverside Church and others to one of The Handmaid Ministries in the New York Times. We read the news together and decided which to give to. It was a real ritual, one of the times we were closest."

Nevertheless, the children learned early that the great Rockefeller fortune was a threat to those who dared approach it too directly. "I remember that my mother David learned that our father was a millionaire," Abby recalls. "He was ten or eleven, and he took a vulgar enthusiasm in telling the rest of us about it. We listened with as pensive and listless an interest as we did when we heard for the first time about sex in the telephone booth." When David Jr., later asked his father how much money he had, the response was a smile and anger. "He said that such talk was not nice," Abby says. "The way he said it made me glad I had not been the one to ask the question."

Brothers Laurence and John had let the family tradition of keeping careful financial account books slide altogether, and Nicholas had just grown through the motions with his children. But David took it seriously. With David Jr. he was fairly successful, but his daughters rebelled and became masters of fabrication and deceit. At vacation time, Abby and Peggy took advantage of the long train ride home from boarding school to tell their father the most outrageous accounts of their weekly allowance. They filled the lined pages with expenditures on brassieres and T-shirts, to embarrass their father out of conducting an audit.

The Cousins had gone to schools leading their class. For the boys, it was institutions like Bowdoin, then on to Exeter, Choate, or Hotchkiss. For the girls, it was fashionable schools like Riverdale or The Chocoma School, then on to a prep school like Milton or Miss Porter's School. They had been told that they were normal children, no better than any other young person, and the extent of their obligation to benefit their fellowman. Yet now they found themselves in institutions testing them to rule.

Even among the children of Du Ponts and Fords, the Rockefellers bore a special name. Their parents had not prepared them for the interests they encountered. J.D.R.'s daughter Abby recalls: "When I was about eleven and at a summer camp in Maine, people found out who I was. One kid came up and asked if I hit my eggs with million-dollar bills. Another came up and asked for my autograph. I gave it to her."

Even at college, the Cousins experienced the Rockefeller name as an awesome obstacle. Alicia, for In-

stances, was treated over the Stanford campus for several months by an unstable young man who wanted to be a writer and felt this Rockefeller could be his muse and insists that his works were published. Her father's problems were quite different. "When I was at Smith," Hope says, "people showed me. It was the exact opposite of what you'd expect. When I just have reserved they'd hit about conflict with me, I just withdrew. In a situation like this, you finally stop trying and just barrow down and ignore it."

It was an odd predicament. They had private planes, yachts, constant travel abroad, servants; vacation homes from the tip of the Caribbean to the Maine woods, from Venezuela to Wyoming; dinner conversations with princes, prime ministers and some of the most celebrated commentators in the world. They had more than any other group of young people in America. But they also had problems. "How in the world," Laura summarizes, "do you ask for sympathy when you've got all the things that are supposed to make you happy?"

In her first year at Vassar, Nicholas's daughter Mary, uncertain and disoriented, had been put on probation. Persecuted by her twin brother, Michael, that she needed a change of scene, she decided to join a team of Cornell researchers setting up a public-health project on a Navaho reservation. Even now, after fifteen years, Mary becomes animated when discussing the experience. "We lived in a trailer and ate out of cans and lived among people who had never heard of a Rockefeller." She calls it without qualification "the boring point in my life."

David's daughter Peggy went to Brazil. For three summers, while she was an undergraduate at Radcliffe, she lived and worked months in a favela slum, "community organizing" amidst grinding poverty. J.D.R.'s son, Jay, spent three years in Japan, mastering the language and culture in anonymity while living with a family in Tokyo. His sister Hope lived for more than a year in the slums of Bombay, India, spending much of her spent months working in hospitals for the retarded and terminally ill. After graduating from Harvard, her brother, Larry, lived in an East Harlem tenement for three years while working as a VISTA volunteer.

In the \$300,000 playhouse at Potomac, the older Cousins introduced the younger ones to the intricacies of sex.

Michael, accounted one of the "best advised" of the Cousins, was a favorite of everyone in the family. He was loved and admired by the others for daring to journey to the front of the status in general of rebellion, and only the Cousins could appreciate the true nature of his quest in the jungle of New Guinea. His death there highlighted the necessity of reaching some sort of accommodation with their dilemma. "Every one of us has thought at one time or another of getting away from the name, the whole thing," Hope says. "Yet all we know deep down that there's no escape."

It seemed, however, natural that the female Cousins should take the lead in trying to escape, reversing inheritance for their more cautious and in some ways more hardened brothers. If they felt less pressure, they were also less firmly anchored. They sensed that little was

expected of them, which increased their unexplored setpiece. Many of them were attracted by the political consciousness inherent in the Boston area. David's daughter Peggy, an early supporter of the Cambridge anti-war movement, coming to his room at the time of the Vietnam teach-in in 1965, later streaming down her face like asked her what was wrong. "My father just asked me to go ahead with him in attend an episode of a lecture by Dr. Martin Luther King. I said, 'What is that?' You've done it before," he comforted her. Peggy answered, "The branch is in Saigon."

Lola Peggy and her older sister Abby, Laurence's daughter Laura became an early sponsor of R.D.S. during its participatory democracy stage; nearly a decade later, she married Dr. David's daughter Laura to reach college age, stood sympathetically on the periphery of the Third World movement that swept over the Stanford campus. Rockefeller women poured hundreds of thousands of dollars into movement causes ranging from American magazine and the film *Malcolm X* to the Vietnamese Brigade and Vietnam Veterans Against the War.

It was in part her attraction around Cambridge radical circles that led Peggy to drop Rockefeller and go by her middle name, "In this country," she says, "Kennedy is the only other name I associate with such benevolence and power. I'm not a Kennedy, but I've been over the place. The name got in the way of the things I was trying to do."

Always it came back to the name. Sandra, J.D.R.'s oldest child, had been the first to jettison it, becoming plain Sandra Perry in 1958. At the same time, Sandra also tried to give away her name. She had been more than ready to go, but her name was more firmly attached to her than the Rockefeller. She became the cousin among the Cousins, the one whose name always brought a raised eyebrow or a shrug of incomprehension. By the early Sixties, she had moved to Cambridge and became a radical and a feminist, and her husband, John, a peace activist. Though she accepted the name, she lived behind multiple locks like a woman twice her age, being visited regularly by a psychiatrist and a nurse therapist. According to family lore, she once spent two years recovering from a broken leg.

Among the female Cousins, changed their name were simply by getting married. Throughout the Sixties, formal weddings were frequent at the 1888 Potomac Villa church and soon there were announcements heralding the arrival of a fifth generation of Rockefellers bearing last names like Case, Kasser, Streiberg, and Spitzer. Yet time would show that none had involved their young lives. As Laura now says, "I got married when I was sixteen because it was a way to lose the name. I coped out."

If the early daughters, the handsome young cousins who had lost their own in a few years, were breaking up, half the marriages dissolved in the period realized an early divorce. As Laura, one of the victims, explains, "When I got divorced, I went into analysis. I wanted to find out about myself. My husband had been a good person. There was something wrong with me. I didn't know how to think things through. I didn't know how to live. I didn't know how to know how anything related to me as a Rockefeller."

The male Cousins could not afford to question their name. They were stuck with it; marriage could not free them of it. Their problems were in managing up. Steven, for instance, after graduating from Princeton in 1968, went to work in the testing office of Rock-

father Center, where his father had started twenty-five years earlier. Nelson had been exasperated by the ground-sake; Sharon found working there absurd and demeaning. "I was doing around saying, 'Hello, I'm Steven Rockefeller. I'm here to raise your rank.' It was ridiculous isn't it?"

Steven's older brother, Rodman, the first male of his generation, had been the ligand candidate for leadership. Closer in outlook to the Brothers than to Nelson, he was a Communist who had married while under duress but had about being a Rockefeller long before graduating from college. An enthusiastic worker in the New York Republican party, he campaigned loyally for his father in 1952 in the Puerto Rico territory.

But New York, speaking from the president's office of the company created by his father, the International Basic Economy Corporation, Rodman sits blinking bookishly out of thick glasses. His face is utterly unlined and oddly boyish for a forty-three-year-old man. He is the chief executive of one of the biggest corporations in the country, yet people call him Roddy. "I never went through a period of questioning about being a Rockefeller," he says. "I was once referred to as 'moneybags.' I believe by a young Dr. Post, but I guess we all have our crosses to bear." He likes Father: "I am honestly not that being a Rockefeller has never been a burden. It's one thing I have no doubts about."

The other Cousins feel that Roddy has made these choices to avoid conflict with Nelson. That he could stand to find a kind of fulfillment working within the institutional Rockefeller identity made him almost an ideal successor among them as Rodman's partner. Made her, and within the family it is generally assumed that Roddy, like his Uncle John, was victimized by being the first male of his generation.

Unlike Rodman, "Young David" is both subtle and laconic. At thirty-five, the eldest son of the chairman is the most level of the Cousins, the one who has made a decade long trying to decide what family he is going to do with himself.

Staying in his personal office in downtown Boston, David Jr. seems somewhat casual for a former assistant manager of the Boston Symphony, a post he occupied for six years before resigning to do "other things out." Hisse has been a central part of his life. An accomplished baritone, he had organized an acclaimed Bach chorus in Boston called The Cantata Singers. He is also one of the spouses of the experimental Roddy. Married for twenty years, he has four young children. "The theme of my life," he explains, "is in a way it is soul food enough, but whether or not at taken care of the sense of responsibility is another question. The big issue for me is how I spend my life?"

One thing that could make his father truly happy, however, is finally out of the question. He will not join the Cause. "I think there is a spectrum line at the bank," David Jr. says with muted sarcasm. "And if there wasn't such a line, I'd invent one."

David Jr.'s younger brother, Richard, was the only other potential heir to the bank, which is increasingly the concern of the family's financial future and influence, but in the fall of 1974, following a banking trip with his father to the Middle East, Richard told his family of his decision to enter medical school. This solution implicitly satisfied not only his own requirement but he develop an expertise but also the Rockefeller obligation to do something for his fellow-

man. It also put him beyond the reach of family ambitions that he enter the bank, the family office, or the foundation.

For six inches tall and smoothly handsome, J.D.R.'s thirty-eight-year-old son, Jay, speaks with the pleasantly familiar ease—he is not above saying "balldust"—of someone who has worked hard to escape all vestiges of the segment from his manner, and though he affirms his closeness to his Rockefeller father, his most recent history reveals his determination of a separate piece from the family.

After his return to Harvard, following his studies in Japan, Jay had been selected by the Kennedy Administration to be on the advisory board of the new Peace Corps. ("Out of deference to my Uncle Nelson, I had first refused," he says, "but I felt that the Peace Corps would have embarrassed him politically—but I'd

I was once referred to as 'moneybags.' I believe by a young Dr. Post, but I guess we all have our crosses to bear."

—Rodman Rockefeller

not voted for Kennedy and considered myself part of the system happening around the Democratic party.") The New Frontier was a logical place for someone with Jay's ambition and convictions, and in 1962 he took a job as Sargent Shriver's special assistant. The next year he moved to the State Department "to get some 'real' experience in foreign affairs." He was attracted to the world of politics and decided he'd like to return to Washington someday—by election.

The question was where to begin if he was to keep from constantly tripping over his family. While he was pondering this, an old friend suggested West Virginia, whose Appalachians had become highly symbolic in the second term. But Jay also considered working in Southern California's Mexican-American community. He flew out there to see the terrain in Los Angeles. "Coming back on the plane," he recalls, "I made a checklist with the glasses and minutes for each area—West Virginia versus Los Angeles. It was a very Rockefeller thing to do, I know, but actually not very characteristic of me."

His close West Virginia and with his bride, Sharon Ferry, moved into a relatively modest home in Charleston. He also bought twenty-five hundred acres in Potomac County on which to build a country place. By 1964, Jay was the most powerful Democrat in the state. He had been elected secretary of state and was clearly pointing toward the governorship. He was narrowly defeated by incumbent Arch Moore in 1972, although McGovern was badly beaten in West Virginia. Rockefeller in the open of a conservative party regular in his refusal to renounce McGovern. Jay was affirmed and accepted the presidency of West Virginia Wesleyan College, where he set up a government-in-office. In mid-1975, he resigned from the college and a few months later announced that he would run for governor again in 1976.

Jay has embraced the family for reasons that are as much political as personal. If, when he was younger, he was so secured by the family as the other Cousins, he has come to realize that the Rockefeller mythos can be useful. In private competition and bitterness between him and Nelson, Jay has known that it would not do to wash this line in public, know that he has

gotten where he is because of who he is. As he once explained to a New York Times writer, "I know that if my name were John D. Smith IV, I wouldn't have been elected to anything."

In many ways, Jay is like any other politician with a famous name and lots of money. Yet in his lasting gubernatorial campaign, in which he ran on a candidate-independent and critical of the West Virginia mining interests, as lauded that he couldn't just pick the "easy" choice from the Rockefeller myth. He was embarrassed when, in the summer of 1972, it was revealed that the Rockefeller Foundation, of which he was a trustee, held 500,000 shares of the Consolidation Coal Company, the largest of the operations—and one he had been attacking for its lack of safety standards. "It's very embarrassing," Jay says calmly. "I'm not like the money you come to the point family where you just accept it and quit worrying about it." Yet most of his cousin continued to worry about it. By the late Sixties they were, like him, finally beginning to sort their individual lives in order. But a way to relate for the machinery of the family remained to be found. What "ideally" would the Cousins as a group assume? How would they deal with Root 5000?

By the time the Cousins had some of the age, the structure of the family office (still known unofficially as Root 5000, though it had long since expanded below the fifty-third floor of Rockefeller Center's RCA Building) was less that of a group of personal associates than of a corporate operating by law chart and committee system, holding significant power and conscious of its own bureaucratic ends.

To the world of large, even the skeptical world of Wall Street, Root 5000 was the place where the Rockefeller Brothers gathered with their advisors to make the decisions that would shake the world, it was Mark's men, where proposals for new ventures were carefully screened and decisions made to apply the alchemy of the family trust to the ideas for the future.

The nerve center of the power radiating through the long corridors of Root 5000 is the private office of J. Richardson Dilworth, a cousin. Kohe, Loeb investment banker whose responsibilities now include trusteeships of Rockefeller University and The Institute for Advanced Study, and a director of the American Friends Service Committee, New Jersey. The bookshelves hold calloused editions of Shakespearean volumes above the massive Chippendale desk is a portrait of a building, obviously progressive larger—Dilworth's great-grandfather, and the man who gave young Andrew Carnegie his first job who had served the United States.

Lean, gray, and every inch the aristocrat, Dilworth says of his role: "I'm a quoniam lawyer and I think of myself more as a family solicitor in the English sense than as a corporate head. Sometimes the problems I deal with are enormous, sometimes they're humble." As the Brothers' chief aide and confidant, he affects a bewitched distance from the Cousins' dilemmas. "In a sense, at least," he says in the pasted, highly qualified language used by all family aides, "the pressure they feel is a fragment of their responsibility; actually their parents are enormously supportive." Yet, in the fourth generation he has become somewhat of a "man problem" the chief spending officer has faded.

Not without an eye toward its own survival, the office has attempted to accommodate the Cousins, to make itself a place they can "plug and" if or when they want. The Brothers and their advisors recognized that what is or not individual Cousins eventually slipped forward

to take over in the office, the Chase, Rockefeller Center and other institutions, it was still necessary to link the members of the generation to each other and to the family. The best way to do this was to have them their own financial institution, following the precedent Junior had earlier created in setting up the impaling Rockefeller Brothers Fund. That, in 1968, the Family Fund was begun. It started on a very modest basis with grants from those of the Brothers—David, Lawrence, J.D.R.—initially, but there was a clear understanding that more would come, and in 1971 the Family Fund received \$10,000,000 in the will of Junior's widow, Martha Reed Allen.

The measure some with which the fund was originally endowed expressed the Brothers' caution; the fact that David Sr. was chief president and that Lawrence also sat on the Board committee made its purpose clear: the Family Fund could give the Cousins a place where they might learn to fulfill the humanitarian obligations as Rockefeller they had accepted during their adolescence. Soon it became a natural ground for those returning to the family field after years of national activity and criticism. There were five areas of emphasis—education, institutional responsiveness, women, conservation and the arts—so that each Cousin could find something to become enthusiastic about.

Tel the problem of Root 5000 remained. The Cousins had managed to extricate themselves from their families and began to pursue individual careers, yet the office continued to function in less parent, a bureaucratic machine of elaborately complex proportions—there are more than two hundred employees—handling everything legal and financial for its works. From doing out income of the investments from the returns, taking care even of relatively simple tasks like the purchase of automobiles and house insurance. Referred for a gift, a Cousin needed only to phone the appropriate person in the office to decide the form in which the gift would be made, whether and how tax advantages were to be taken. The family office was to be bothered at all with such decisions, the office offered the services of its philanthropic staff to assist projects in which the tax-deductible portion of one's income might be invested.

By revealing the Cousins from the fact and process of their wealth, the office then attempted to do an extraordinary degree of adding a sense of balance to the sense of guilt they already felt as recipients of the enormous legacy. The very manner in which they received their income symbolized the prebend. The Brothers had given each of their children a sizable sum at his or her coming of age and the bulk of the children's income came from the Family Trust that Junior had set up in 1952 with 100,000 shares of Jersey Standard stock. The income is graduated, assuming a slow maturing of the recipient's sense of responsibility. At the age of twenty-five the amount is \$25,000 a year, by the age of twenty-five the amount has risen to \$10,000; it increases at the rate of \$5,000 a year until age thirty, when it jumps to \$25,000. After that, or upon marriage, the Cousins can receive all of the income from the trust, from \$250,000 to \$400,000.

David Rockefeller told his daughter Abby that she would inherit \$25,000,000. Abby did not say, "Great! I'll take it." Family squabbles continue on page 130

COMMANDO PERFORMANCE

The men's fashion industry calls this the Survival Look and bets you'll be wearing a lot of it this winter on your vacation in the sun and during off-hours next spring and summer. It's rugged sportswear made from natural fabrics and influenced by the cut of Army clothes or the outfits worn by hunters, auto racers, mountain climbers and paratroopers. Wear it for action and comfort; pair it with boots and heavy socks.



Photographed by Larkin/Stone



Shorn are out taller this year and come in any length you can think of. Our man opposite, shown in the cane fields of the Dominican Republic, roughs it in pleated khaki shorts (\$25) and a short-sleeved button jacket (\$39), both by Scotts Grey Ltd. Under the jacket he sports a long-sleeved crew-neck T-shirt (\$14) by Al B. Auden. Workman's boots (\$55) from Sears, Roebuck. His leader's shirt and shorts are by De Noyer. As you see here, de Noyer has made the transition from work clothes to high fashion to sportswear. For making his way through the sugarcane, our hero smartly wears an indigo denim fly-front peepcoat (\$39) by Landfallber over a coarse-gauge shirt (\$35) by Scotts Grey Ltd. The companion he carries wears downy pants and top by De Noyer.

ESQUIRE FEBRUARY 1976



On the case and into battle, or battle dress at least, with a little help from the army of the Dominican Republic. Our soldiers of fortune are turned out for weekend adventure in their military best. At far left, he wears Nike Nike's quilted-poglin jacket (\$100), cotton pants (\$40) and overcoat (\$35). As one for the moment, our middle man looks ready for anything in Bert Palmer's water-repellent cotton poglin jacket (\$218) and cotton cargo pants (\$145) that unzip above the knee to make shorts. The sand-ballet vest (\$75) is from Hunting World. His pal at right fronts a cotton survival jacket (\$30) and marching pants (\$25), both by Male, and Coughlin's khaki shirt (\$30). For added protection, he wears boots (\$99) by Kaufman Footwear and sunglasses from Ultrasec Spectacle. Fish bait by Tex Tan. She wears a De Nayer safari suit, Olof of Sweden boots, and a Hunting World hat.



Survive stylishly in short-sleeve jumpsuits. Opposite top, the guy holding the girl wears a suit with an elasticized wrist from Wrangler Sportswear (\$14). Boots (\$48) at Sears. His friend lends a hand in a belted suit (\$90) by U.F.O. worn over a Jockey T-shirt. His boots (\$48) by Weinbauer. Her pit suit is from John Anthony. Bottom left, he holds on in the definitive jumpsuit (\$125) by Bill Kautzman for Radcliff, featuring a quilted gun patch and action back. Ankle boots by Frye. Her T-shirt from De Noyer, shown from *Dans Côté d'Azur*. On this page, the denim evolution continues: At left, he stands firm in a unapologetic overalls with deep-cuffed sleeves and jeans (\$118) by Jean-Paul Gaultier. At right, the look is Chinese peasant in this jacket (\$38) and jeans (\$35) by Pierre Cardin with a quasi-alcove shirt by Gentleman John and web belt by Mr. R. She stands to conquer in an outfit from Issey Miyake.

(Continued from page 103) a pair.

Theoretically, anyone over thirty can invade the principal of the trust, but practically, the principal is in the hands of the trustees, who are headed by Angus Aronson, the chairman of the board of Linde Chemical, and include such notables as "Slim" McCreary, Sheriff, former head of the Federal Reserve, Albert L. Nickerson, former chairman of the board of Mobil Oil, and Nathan Pusey, former president of the Federal Reserve approved in not furtherance. The idea was that part of the great fortune bestowed on each of the Cousins was not really theirs, but only held by them in trust for their children—whether or not they had or intended to have them. If they given a severe lecture by an accountant in the office, recall one Cousin about her application to invade her principal. "I was told once," she said, "that the money was not mine, that the trustees were responsible for what they did and that if they approved something irresponsible they would be held accountable."

Just as the small army of accountants, analysts and lawyers scrutinized the Cousins' money, so Ross 5000's arduous history. Long ago, he came into the business one day to look through his file and was staggered to find a note of letters he had written to a boy, who was the son of a dead, addressed "To Grandmother in Heaven." He had no recollection of writing them, but above knowledge that they had been kept. The Cousins often worried that the office seemed to know more about them than they knew about themselves. Yet, for all their doubts, they found that they had made themselves from the brains management of Ross 5000. David's daughter Abby recalls a time when she wanted to find out exactly how much money she had, and it was revealed, and how she went about getting more control over it. "There was a general meeting with Dileworth, seven or eight hundred people from the office, and an accountant named Jan Lee. They handed out a little red portfolio with all the pertinent info. It is Dileworth suggested to Lee that he run through my investments. He did, firing me a brief synopsis of what each was worth. He got to Kroger and said, 'Well, here's an old friend.' Then came Mobil: 'Now Mobil is a kind of little sister to Kroger.' That kind of stuff. Good-bye, but don't count on a personal relationship between me and the money and to leave in question the degree to which it is mine. In fact, Ross 5000's are headed as an institutional relative of my father's money; it prevents me from asking questions that might explain the inner logic."

In Abby's opinion, the office is composed of two separate classes which she calls "disposers" and "nonowners." The disposers are usually the junior members. They don't own money, whose name is, yes, or even might be, Rockefeller. The Brothers pay the bills and are in charge now, but on the off chance that the Cousins might take

over some day, the disposers have to hedge their bets. The disposers are those like Dileworth for whom the office is the backbone—there are men without question about power. To them, the Cousins are just aging wards incapable of making a decision but for power and so to be treated as such. As much as anything else, it has been the shared problem of the office that he would like the Cousins together into a group, the desire to present a united front that would keep them from being outmaneuvered by Dileworth and the others. It was an aimless desire, for the Cousins did not really share the same, if not the actual discussions, of their periodic meetings at Potomac.

These Cousins meetings had been an informal get-togethers, presided over by the eldest of the presenters and usually attended in addition to the Cousins to select Cousins who had reached their majority into the mysterious of their "financial rights." By the late Brother, however, the informal discussions as the Cousins had become serious, and they began to discuss issues.

There was internal matter like the Brothers' plans for the 400-acre Potomac estate. Some of the Cousins admitted they would like to have houses, especially if the location of their wealth was reinforced with a more open situation, and the Brothers agreed to commission a study of the possibilities. The Ross Report, as it was called, proposed that some "Cousins' town" of twenty acres each be developed around the "pink" area, and that some six hundred fifty acres in the northern part of Potomac be developed into two grandiose towns with seventy-five hundred people, schools, recreational areas and other support facilities. But this plan, as intended to accommodate both Cousins and Brothers, pleased neither group. Other proposals, too, were discussed and abandoned. Another plan, launched in 1980, was not architectural but financial and reflected the Brothers' concern that Potomac be properly developed after they succeeded. The plan was that Potomac be sold to the general stockholders of the Hill's Realty Company (owned by the Brothers), who owned Potomac, would sell their stock to the trust fund and set up for each of them in 1984, some worth some \$100,000,000 per brother. The so-called "100-trillion" would continue to hold Potomac, as they did, Rockefeller Center, and would have the right to sell the estate at some future date.

"In order to inherit Potomac," Steven explains, "the Cousins would have had to pay each brother taxes that it wouldn't really be worth it. The question was whether to sell it or just to give it to the trust. The trust would be a pool of land should be preserved for everyone to enjoy. I argued that the family didn't need the money. But as to divide Potomac and sell it would be in great a crisis as building up a work of art and burning it for the last it would give during one evening."

The other Cousins agreed. He did

J.D.R.R. who had always been against the kind of development that Lawrence and Nelson, with David's acquiescence, had considered for Potomac. The idea of ultimately giving Potomac to the state for public use—announced in 1979 by Nelson in his role as twenty-one-year-old—was a compromise between the Cousins and Brothers.

They could agree about something as immediate as Potomac, but when Steven and a few of the other Cousins tried to solidify the fourth generation for a public stand against the war in Vietnam, they got nowhere. As a result they were fearful of doing something that would be interpreted as a repudiation of their fathers, all of whom supported the war. Yes, in the criticism of the family that cropped up with increasing frequency in the later Sixties, they were applauded as Rockefeller's heirs with their fathers, and yet their fathers they were not intellectually sealed off from the effects of this criticism.

The same was very much on Steven's mind and also Martin's. He and her husband had already written the inherited Revenue Service of their inheritance to stop paying their proportion of their taxes that went to what they called "the government's murderous violence in Vietnam and other parts of Indochina." To stop the J.D.R.R. would have to get his taxes without their cooperation, they said the money needed to maintain groups.

If taking political stands as a group was out, the Cousins sometimes felt that they must at least try to save the initiative over their money, to make sure it was not used in corporate profiteering from the war, supporting the South African economy, or exploiting the environment.

It was at the Cousins' meeting of June, 1979, that these issues interacted with the personal against the Cousins had experienced as individuals. Arriving with their families from all over the country, many wearing faded jeans and long hair and with carefully chosen clothing in their, the Cousins met in the estate back as though it had been revised in a summit meeting of McCreary staff members. Most had, in fact, come to the meeting as the campaign of the Democratic candidate, but this weekend, from the moment that Sharon Perry Rockefeller, the Cousins' eldest daughter, stood up in the playhouse built for their fathers' half a century earlier to call the meeting to order, family politics was their only worry.

The disagreements with which they had endured their dissimulation lay so many years suddenly collapsed, allowing the emotions to erupt. There was considerable fear that the office was organized to keep them invisible. As the employees from Ross 5000 appeared to make their way into the room, they were greeted with unusual force. The Cousins regarded that Dileworth prepares a family directory completely misrepresenting the workings of



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the office. An investment consultant of the First Citizens was contacted to make with Room 5050 in figuring out ways to bring those portfolios into line with their moral values.

Over the period, as it went, it seemed impossible to notice it out into the bottle. After discussing investments, the Cousins broke up into men's and women's groups to discuss the "insiders" spoke up about the problems of having the money and power reside with the women they had married. The first Cousins compared notes on their difficulties in finding investments to become the Rockefeller in charge of directing the family's fortune in the next generation.

It was the women's group that preserved the real drama. Brokers were dismissed, and the operation of various libertarians. One of Louise's daughters said that the family rule learned in her family was quite simple: "Tidily like her women, good and religious." Louise, who was gathering data on the early childhoods of the older generation and therefore knew what she was doing, the Brodies responded. Their mothers, she learned that none of the family's money had been a wonderful person, she wanted to have the money with her. Louise was immediately challenged by Abby O'Neill (GMA), who stood up under the portrait of her mother, Bess, and said with an innocent tone: "In her youth, 'You don't know what Grandmother was like.' And then, with tears in her eyes, she talked about how her mother's life was 'ruined' by Abby Adelaide. Louise, who had been put off in a career, it was only her Bess and an account of suffering (or selflessness) she had become mediocre and ineffective, 'an addendum to the Brodies' generation,' as one of the older Cousins later said.

The 1972 meeting coincided with the Cousins in a state of surprise over what had happened. At first there was a confusion, they were not sure as a breakthrough, both in terms of the level of personal revelation—not step far from Rockefeller—and the challenge to the office. Yet there was an uneasy sense as well, a feeling that they had spontaneously and somewhat randomly been served by her in a more positive than they had really intended.

Those who misinterpreted the signs and thought that their generation was ready, as a group, to make a serious challenge to the Brodies, soon found that this was the last thing the majority of the Cousins wanted. Men and her husband, who arranged to show a slide presentation of the effects of the air war in Vietnam, were not encouraged in their efforts to bring it up. J.D.R.'s son, Abby, the youngest Cousin present at the 1972 meeting, saw the film *State of Siege* and became upset with the Rockefeller family. The only American issue introduced in the presence of hostility and repression. She recalled: "I wrote a letter telling the Cousins that everyone should see it be-

fore we have our next meeting, just because I think it's really a super eye-opener about the family, and the possibility of how our money might be reinforcing things in ways we're not even aware of. It was like an accusation of murder!" Yet, when Abby attempted to get a discussion of the movie put on the agenda at the next Cousins meeting, she was told that it was not the place for "personal bickering," and that she should restrict herself with talking to the Cousins individually.

Even the investment consultant's visit to Denver produced little tangible result. A woman named Catherine Tracy was hired to work in Room 5050 and charged with keeping relevant of all the stockholder resolutions proposed by church and consumer groups in the efforts to modify corporate policies. Several times a year she sent summaries of these struggles to the Cousins.

Her gestures seemed neutral only to disarm the Cousins' concerns. As an employee of the Brodies responsible to Brodies, she had certainly not been hired to encourage the Cousins to assert themselves in behalf of greater concerns in the management of family fortunes. Her actions, summarized in several notes the Cousins received, were private management and those in proxy rebellion against them—Kathleen Neider and others—not only complicated the issues, but revealed from them, eye-witness of moral crisis they might have had. And by making all contacts with the young activists in church and consumer groups herself, she isolated the Cousins from the urgent concerns of their peers; furthermore, she prevented them from having to confront the issues directly.

If they decided to act in spite of this, they found their freedom to do so severely limited. In the spring of 1974, Marvin responded that while in one of her smaller trusts at the Chase Manhattan Bank he voted in behalf of several resolutions by dissenting stockholders to discontinue the company. He received from Catherine Tracy a summary of the depressing reactions of the Cousins' line with corporate responsibility. "Chase Manhattan Bank—Mr. David Dorsey—advised me that they voted for proposals 2 and 3 and so I.B.M. However, they would not take one suggestion that they vote in favor of the Project on Corporate Responsibility's resolution prohibiting corporate campaign contributions on the L.T.C. group stock."

Yet the reverberations from the 1972 meeting continued to spread. By the fall, the Cousins had received the family directory they had requested, a detailed thirty-page document the form and function of Room 5050 and accompanied by this note: "As you might expect, the historical nature of the music performed by the office presents problems in delineating such a list. Yet, even the part of the last weekend—more levelheaded (it showed me surprised). The budget was an estimated \$100,000 a year. The charitable illustrations from of anti-nuclear showed how con-

pletely the office personally had come to be dominated by investment. The Brodies Fund and Family Fund were not independent, as was implied, but subordinate to Bldworth. The division of the budget dollars also reflected the pre-eminence importance of philanthropy in Room 5050: investment accounted for 30 percent of the budget; accounting and loans for 25 percent; the third department for 15 percent; management and public relations for 15 percent; rent and telephone for 5 percent; and, 5.5 percent, miscellaneous. 9.5 percent. This left a little over 5 percent of the total earnings of Room 5050 devoted to the philanthropic arm.

Shocked by these facts, the Cousins realized that the office was too formidable, too strongly headed in the direction their fathers had sent it, to be guided in the manner they wished. The more they had raised in their 1972 meeting were disposed of once and for all, frequently through, in the one institution in the office that the Cousins eventually controlled.

The Family Fund was now a fairly large foundation, in a month of the \$10,000,000 bequest from Martha Beard Rockefeller, and some of the fourth generation feared that it would become self-sufficient. Rockefeller's son, Marvin, and his husband used the office as Cousins: "We are quite excited about the possibilities of the Family Fund. We are very much interested in it as an alternative to the usual channels and mode of giving. . . . The laws demand something more than one more. . . . We think the Fund has an obligation to seek out organizations like American Friends Service Committee, Friends of the Earth, Pacific Friends, American Friends of the Earth, et al., and support them regardless of their politics."

Yet most of the Cousins, not ready to make that same gesture, adhered to, unconvinced to what they felt were the traditions of the attack. By the spring of 1974, Catherine Tracy had presented the Cousins with the proposals of various dissenting stockholder groups on which they could act with respect to the Fund's portfolio. The issues raised were played step-by-step in the Rocky Mountain area by Exxon; northeast minority firms by G.E. and Caterpillar; and the South African policies of I.B.M. The Family Fund's finance committee—with Laurence a prominent and intimidating member—dealt with these questions in executive sessions. There was no real agreement that Laurence's promise to respond to the parent's next session was adequate. On the question of minority firms, David D. responded that instead of giving power to the church group challenging G.E. and Caterpillar, the Fund should vote with the manufacturers and the letter for the record, emphasizing the Rockefeller family's reluctance to spend opportunities. When one Cousin suggested that the letter



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also report that the companies paid the results of interviews. "I am not sure," David said he thought) that was really "asking too much." Jay agreed, and David's original report was dropped.

The I.R.M. stockholders' resolution might encourage disclosure on the company's activities in South Africa. David brought up a related resolution that I.R.M. was actually one of the more progressive firms in South Africa and said that if they were to vote in favor of the demand for disclosure, it would appear not to support I.R.M.'s progressive stance. The Pined settled for a mild letter asking the views. The minor request was, in fact, because very much the obedient child of the parent institution. The reality was that, instead of helping to free the Company, the Pined Free had put them on trial; if they performed "responsibly," their philanthropy might become the beneficiary of the Brotherhood or promote the huge endowment of the Rockefeller Brothers Fund after the last remaining Brother had died. "The Brothers are watching us," David said, "and we're going to be as good as though they're giving us a check of gold to see what we'll do with it. It's better to tell them we're in the lead of water, it's something better," which means there'll be more to come."

Some of the Cousins were still over the top in their own right, but it was the fact that the companies was worth the power to do good works it might someday bring. As one of them said, "The only difference between our generation and theirs is that for the Brothers the greatest reward 'good works' were a way of turning attention from the fact that they were doing. For us, the greatest are just pictures, nothing more."

Through the Cousins' machinations, naturally made a gesture of bewilderment about philanthropy. "It's very hard to get rid of the money in a way that does more good than harm," Learn he said. "One of the ways is to persuade people who are trying to change the system and get rid of people like us," they did not intend to repeat the Pasadena's how they had perked into in 1974. The official minutes of their 1974 meeting show that they were concerned with matters other than corporate responsibility.

"If we're termed in a discussion of Jewish persecution and the Holocaust, we are especially concerned with indicating that that there was not much we could do for that which we suspect is a deliberate and calculated action." ... Wm [Wishnick's] and suggested the possibility of having a school, but Tim [Tom Blugman, Mary's son] said, "I don't think it's a diagnosis to have a kid followed by a security guard—his money goes to offensively. Steven [Jay's wife] suggested that we have the best of security at the office even to talk to us as Christians, and people generally agreed."

"We then went on to talk about the movement policy of the office, and had

here, talking to the media and the other, and the media and the relationship between money and exposure. Where is our money going to come from for the future? Our generation has been brought to the point of a crisis, but not to produce. ... Steven was more interested with the fact that our children on our death and our parents' death. But for more money than we and how will they be able to deal with it? ... He pointed out that the problem of generating some kind of a problem only to release is the personal living habits of some of the Cousins. He raised the question of whether the family began the great big money and the money to justice as an institution."

Steven's question was well put. The issue was no longer how the Cousins would participate in the Rockefeller dynasty; it was whether or not the dynasty itself had a future. The office, the engine providing the dynasty, was itself faced with the problem. Wishnick's death from cancer in 1973 had shocked everyone concerned into the realization that Ron's death was very real, as natural as the Brothers' lives. The Cousins were not preventing the money that would justify an effort to keep it going. Interestingly there was talk about the office being dissolved or radically modified after the next Brother's death.

J.R. Blumenthal attempted to direct the talk. "There's really no concrete way to produce what will become of the office, some of the Cousins decided to go to the office, they're trying to have a new look at least once a year—at the time. We're not serious here for the next generation that they couldn't possibly be serious that they couldn't go to the office for any ordinary banker or lawyer if by some coincidence all the remaining Brothers died today, tomorrow, it would take more or eight years just to disband the present operation and convert them into nothing."

Yet the long corridors of Room 1400 are filled with pictures. The family's music room was lightened when Nelson began to surround the family assets before Congress in a last desperate attempt to secure continuation as Vice President. Whatever the Cousins did or didn't do with the office, its days clearly numbered.

"Monday somebody is going to have to go down there and figure out what to do with the office," Steven said. "That's the only way our generation can survive. We're leaving to work together, to make decisions. The question ultimately will be whether or not the family will be preserved as an institution in the form of Room 1400. The Cousins will decide that sometime in the next twenty years as fate intervenes—in the form of the passing of the Brothers. The family institutions are getting out of the family's control. As with these institutions, when the time will come, they're getting out of their own way, away from the family, and even they've out it isn't so easy way to see their loss."

For the Cousins who journeyed to Arkansas early in 1978, their Uncle Wishnick's funeral was an emotional moment. It was not as much grief for his passing; most of them had not really known the nephew and great-nephew, during his last days, had seemed to continue as his isolated body became a battleground where shock, chemicals and medicine had to create a miracle. It was more that this Brother's death was an event that moved them in a personal, jump time in the time when the last choices would be made about the future of the family, choices in which they would play an yet understanding role. They were interested to see how their Cousin Wishnick would handle his death. He was the first among them to take the big step.

For the first few weeks, the atmosphere from Arkansas indicated that the changing of the guard was not going smoothly. His heart may have been as Winkler Farnas, which was valued at more \$100,000,000, but a large part of the former Arkansas governor's wall had remained unchanged to Rockefeller Center, and the division was reflected in the disposition of his affairs. In his last months, Wishnick had turned to the family office for advice. His wife had remained first among the family, a path before his last years and younger sons. Two of them were trusted associates from Arkansas, but the strong hand could be led by a New York transplant composed of David Rockefeller, J.B. Blumenthal, and family attorney David O'Brien.

The late, twenty-four-year-old, Wm Paul, was a top, handsome young man who wore Western style suits and square-toe cowboy boots. He was an excellent basketball player and a good friend. Not only was he the first descendant in male line from John D. Rockefeller to press an outside position, but he had spent his childhood with a mother who loathed the Rockefellers and his youth in a series of European boarding schools for the sons of the family's industrial youth. Wm Paul had come out of Oxford and came to Arkansas as what proved to be the last year of his father's life. He married and settled down as if he had always been a functioning member of the family. Yet he was different, an outsider, without the family and aristocratic presence that a common descendant in the Rockefeller line.

Wm Paul did not let his inheritance as a nephew. On the morning after he immediately after the funeral he moved to take control of the empire his father had built, indicating that he had his own ideas and a new team of advisors to implement them. The old guard of his father's associates didn't feel that he was ready, and a struggle for power began that resembled the wrestling the inheritance from Room 1400.

The reason for the office's interest in Arkansas was clear. Unlike the other family, which still the inheritance would be divided among as many as six Cousins, Wm Paul was the only one, whose male line theoretically as wealthy as one of the Brothers. If he

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out to me produce malachite. There must be some Rockefeller link to it because I saw the Chinese as a way, God forbid, of helping reconstruct the world."

Alley's dilemma is poignant: the faith that upon warlike against the family would surface and demand all the dimensions of the Rockefeller problem, and yet the most criticism to make her personal connections, the more clearly she is forced into the realization that the part of the fortune is an irreducible part of the family structure itself.

"Other members of my generation had to leave their parents to tell them how much they were going to inherit, as the grounds that it would be embarrassing for them to reveal just how much they were going to inherit, at the time, seemed likely as a result of Nelson's upcoming Vice-Presidential hearings. The reason my father and mother had not wanted to talk about it was apparently the fear of having their children eager for their deaths. That idea resonated in me, so I said, 'Then, when I was at my father's house one evening, he called me into his study and started to tell me about the money. He was tremendously happy to tell me what the family grandfather had left up a trust which would be handed down upon his own death, and he asked that of course he did not have any doubts about the money. He must have said that three times. I was very grateful to me, to hear him feel compelled to say this and then he ended what he was saying by saying: when the time came, it would be divided out ways, and we would each get twenty-five million dollars.'"

"When he finished, I said, 'Well, you should know what my view of this is.' I said that I would prefer not to inherit it. I did not feel like I was the heir of it hanging over me, affecting my relations with people, and affecting my relations with him. I said that I thought it was just better to let it alone. I thought we had enough to deal with between us without this sort of thing."

"I didn't say this with any antipathy. But he looked shocked, upset, and he said, 'Well, it's terribly sorry to tell you, but there's nothing I can do about it.' And it was clear that he was hurt and angry at me for being grateful."

The two-story white frame house is like a hundred others in the small town of Middlebury, Vermont—well built and sturdy, private but not austere. It is obvious that its design and construction reflect the same Yankee virtues. In fact, this was built with glass and a byzantine window that runs out of the door and down the porch, and it is a window in a very special way. It is a window in a very special way. It is a window in a very special way.

"I've known Rockefeller. The famous name is not without reason. There are reflections of Nelson's fortune around Steven's eyes and jaw, but the hardness is gone. The total impression is of a young man of faith, presence, confidence—hunger

understood and controlled. He is a warrior not an archer, in contrast with other speaking for his generation of Rockefeller and its concerns. 'I've followed the same path as many of my cousins,' the thirty-one-year-old son of the Vice-President says. 'There are weaknesses, but most of us have seen that there is no sense in living as rebels of a great institution called the Rockefeller Family.'"

It was in 1959 that Steven married Anne-Marie Baumgarten, an artist of which he says now, "It seems it was an attempt to get out of the social world. It had been part of Anne-Marie's career to offer a way of getting back to the social life lacking in my own life. She came from a tightly knit community on a small Norwegian island. I was surprised to find her so much like the earthy, practical, to get out of the formal, controlled world of my childhood and something more fundamental and real."

In 1968, though there were three children, Steven and Anne-Marie separated. With complicity for Nelson in 1968, after he had lost his job at W. Kropf, a Norwegian manufacturer of Norwegian descent, and in 1971, after a Mexican divorce, he married Kropp. It was then that he and his body moved in for marriage as I was. She had come off as an island to marry a Rockefeller and thought she would have some very dramatic moments—all the things I was rejecting."

These days, Steven often says or repeats about the Middlebury campus where he came out years ago, a tall, spare figure in a windbreaker, enjoying the pure Vermont air and the view of the Green Mountains that look behind the house. He seems proud to be an assistant professor of religion, looking patiently at passing colleagues and students, his head fixed on unobtrusive chapters of the book. He is the only son of John Dewey that he met outside before his teenage years. He appreciates the sense of balance in his career, and he is a very good teacher. "It is a very good teacher," he says. "It satisfies my social conscience and keeps my mind at the same time. It is a very good teacher, from having real relationships with other people."

The middle he finally rejecting the Rockefeller's has never been a serious topic. He says, "I don't think they have set limits to his freedom, so I don't think he can afford to accept these and that he has a duty, as a leader of the Cousins, to function effectively within the family structure."

"But there is a contradiction in the Rockefeller tradition of giving and so on, and serves that he always troubled me. I don't think we were brought up as children to believe that as long as there was need in the world we should give a certain portion of our money away. And that was the basic idea of the trust (quite simple): if we should in fact give money to other people who don't have sufficient to take care of their own needs, then it's not true that there is something wrong with a world in which other people have such great needs when we have so much. If you

really believe that there's a claim on your life from these other people, then where do you draw the line? And if you grow up in a democracy and believe in equality and you're brought up in a Christian church, which tells you that God is love and the highest form of self-realization is self-giving, to draw the line at twenty or thirty or fifty percent which is just making a sacrifice to you personally at all—doesn't really make much sense to me. Proceeding from the logic my grandfather established, you really expect to be giving away as much as you possibly can."

"I myself, I still try to draw the line. I live consciously but not extravagantly. I try not to protest that I'm being swayed to certain values which I don't see in the family but give away something like a billion dollars, but obviously I have not missed my great sorrow to the family. Giving away a million dollars when you're not a hundred million really doesn't make you better than other people. Just this is what has given rise to the whole idea of the Rockefeller family as somehow superior to everyone else. Part of the problem for the Cousins in trying to establish their own identity, I think, is that they have to be their own masters. That there is something very appealing about the Rockefeller family. Part of the myth that they've accepted is that they are the heirs of the royal family of America, that they are superior. I don't buy that."

"There are those in the family—even in my own generation—who feel that the Rockefeller have some special role to play in history. I feel there are just too many of us to go pretending around talking about our mission in history. Why are the family in not primary. It has become a practical question: what can the Rockefeller family as an institution do to function in our modern society? It is for my children to insure that they will grow up good, democratic citizens in this country? Can I really help them to do that? It is not an easy task, a dilemma that is trying to keep them from going out and getting involved in American life. The corporate world. My feeling is that the family as an institution was the creation of a certain time in the history of this nation. It has had its day. That's the way we live, and ought to be. The dynasty itself—that's all finished."

Steven stops all this with the same pleasant, matter-of-fact tone that he uses to introduce himself. The Rockefeller dynasty ends neither with a bang nor a whimper, but with a shrug and a smile.

On this particular day, Steven Rockefeller is taking care of his son, Steven Jr. He is wearing a clean, dark blue jacket, and they are walking down Washington Street and say hello to my neighbors. It may seem like a small thing, but it was done me as a child, you know. *



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and went out.
"You croaked one of a knob," Raul said. "You did it again. You took me. All right, the next time we're not gonna leave you again."

"We do that, that odd one going to have to go up. That open door and the money, they're the only things I've got going for me."

"Ella my son, bella," Raul said. "That tall brother, that's the best thing we had since the last time we got out of here. Let's wait! He comes back. I like to see you with the water running down you. That's the thing, that's the good thing."

It was their only game. Cabell could have put some wine glass in all the bottles and seen every female body that came to the pool, but she was not interested, and the female would have disappeared if he had done so. Though Raul watched so often as they could, Cabell had won only a few times, and the girls and women by means of whom he was were so disfiguring that he thought of removing the glass and returning to a pure state of gambling. But this girl was valuable, if only in contrast to the others, and Cabell decided to go on looking, pouring into the sexual desire from looking.

He liked women—everything about them, from skin to mind—and the older he became, the more he liked them. This was to start the reason for his wife's leaving left him nineteen years ago, when he had been young more of a woman who worked in a family's shop than he had of his wife. She had been pregnant at the time, his wife, and though Cabell had written a few letters asking her to return, he was heartily glad she did not. She was extremely beautiful, turned him, and on looking back had the same wish to see her face again. Her wishes had been strictly honored. Most of them had been answered, the first in a small town in North Carolina, and worked as a secretary for the State Agricultural Association; someone had told Cabell this and had also told him he had a son. Cabell had never seen even a man as a photograph of the boy, and that was perhaps best, for he considered himself a man alone, that was how he had been in control of all the elements of his life.

But the gold streaks continued to run, to shift, to come together, to range from the top of his vision to the bottom, and then to dance again, sometimes out of phase with each other, sometimes in perfect union. They were very and audibly everything and had him back by himself, saying it with the horrible light of memory.

"Raul, will you do something for me?"

"Raul, if I can?"

"Come over here and look at my gold-streaked eye. The right one." The boy opened carefully, from a foot away. His face came more clear, and the dark ring came out of it to pieces.

"Well, what is it?" Cabell asked impatiently.

"The boy hesitated. "It just sort of seems to be kind of . . . kind of jump-

ing around."

"Just the right one?"

"No, the left one, but not as much. Can you see that? Tell me, son."

"Yeah, I saw that gold in the blue looking one, didn't I? What do you mean, son? You're looking right. I can see it."

But he said nothing of the quality of his sight: of the golden jasper settling through the girl's hair, of her a gold streak had crossed her forehead, and, as he leaned forward to make her out more clearly, of how it had gone through her neck like a line about some fine-etched glass, then through her soul as she gazed her looking was over it.

"There, I could tell you now her, but you were looking like you didn't see her enough. Anyway, it's probably nothing but all the gold you're doing."

ANGELS IN WINTER

*There is winter then laundry,
great baskets of it, packed like mountains.
In the cellar I fold and sort and sort
through a spout in the dirty window
the glass bright snow.*

*Under the rock, more a secret.
Under the moss, it stings.
It falls, not from great but a silence
which scatters crystals.
My son smokes them on his tongue.*

*Wherever I try to hold pictures
My son and I lie down in white pictures
and lay like the last survivors
of a species that couldn't adapt to the air.
Jumping fire, we look back at*

*sights, blurred fossils of memory and pain
from the time when a tangle of angels
panted the hours of the sun
in the hours of their winter it seemed
with a dangerous blunder in a leading sleep*

*As I lift my body from the angels,
I remember the mad perfume of Indians
who chose for the site of his kingdom
the frequency of an angel and named the place
New Jerusalem. Nothing of a survivor.*

*The angels do not look backward
to see how their passing changes the rock,
the way I do, watching the snow,
and the angels are once part in its unbroken face,
and the nervous alphabet of the planet's face,*

*and the fire-pierced landscape of the sun,
and the shape of innocence, white and expensive on tennis,
and the deep ribbon red and white of the shawl,
I remember the millions who left the earth,
it holds no sense of them*

*as it holds of us, reaching through snow,
as more and defenseless
even the air could kill us.*

in that empty house. It must be awful
in that. There was a man every year
spoke as you go away. That's all it
is—do much better and the much strain-

"I don't think it's that," Cabell said
with deliberation. "I'm seeing things I
know are not there, and they seem like
they're coming from way deep down.
Those sparks I keep seeing go by: there
must be millions of them, and I don't
know where they're coming from, or
where they're going. Right now, right
this minute, from where I stand, you're
smoke in the middle of a whole lot of
speaking. You get more light on your
head than an angel."

"The first and only time," Raul said.
"And didn't put it there, I'm not you."

"No," Cabell said. "I did."

"I work in the sun a lot," Cabell had

said, pointing the poet together under a
new interpretation, gradually. "That
must be a man thirty, does it not? And
then he drinks a lot of water, or beer,
or whatever he has been down his
pocket. Right?"

Cabell argued his own light on everything—the shirt, the necktie, and the
showering gold. But all the doctor
said was get ready to be blind and give
him a syringe for the sugar in his
blood.

At last Cabell nodded: any challenge
was good. And then he felt a bounding
urge to get started on the whole new
life.

"I want you to start in a school for
the blind. Check in before you go to
blind. You'll be that much ahead," the
doctor had said.

"I'll think about it. But I probably
won't go."

"It'll save you a lot of trouble later
on."

"I'll handle it."

"And you ought to get a strong-type
dog. You'll be a relationship, one of
the best."

"I'll get my own dog," Cabell said.

"I'll have to see you explained all
over the street," the doctor said.

"You know this, I figure that. I
don't expect his going to want to get
run over any more than I do. That's
enough for me."

Cabell stood up. He went back to his
apartment and decided himself for the
first time.

It was the last day of the park, and he
sat in the office in front of the
dressing-room window. Raul was
beside him, his hand on Cabell's arm.
An enormous brown-eyed German
shepherd lay on the other side of the
chair, facing the other way, its head on
the floor and its ears down. It was dead
and in the room. The only motion was
Cabell writing in his arm, drawing in
the tale of wandering events. Raul
stood on his feet but did not cry. The
sorrow much in which his hand was
rough was still penetrable.

"I can tell you," Cabell said, his face
back into the chair. "Raul, I'm not
Raul about looking me up of these
spring girls."

Raul nodded it to him, letting Cabell's
finger find the air and the grip was
his.

The room was arranged. There were
stairs from Cabell's bedroom, one
stairs but still working as a forest.
Among these Raul had placed Raul's
ruler from the Hanspeters.

Raul had also arranged other windows
of the pool and park around Cabell's
chair, a roundabout interior doctor
called on for a challenge but not as
possible arrangement. Both of his feet
were crossed and piled around the ren-
nault chair. Spring cables were
stretched to their maximum tension and
piled to the wall, where they waited
and strained the last September light
in its breaking point. Raul had wanted
to tell them up in the shape of a cross,
but Cabell did not want that. Raul
was standing on all sides, their teeth
unattended.



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—NANCY WILLARD

"I can still see," Cahill repeated. Almost all of the lightning that had ever landed above the earth and not struck, all the flame streaks from distant galaxies, all the children's darkening eyes at the beginning of industrial movement, stormed his eyes. Methodically, he squeezed and released the metal enclosure. The big insurance fraud and subverted in the silence.

"Everything here?" Cahill asked.

"Everything's here. I got it all fixed up for you."

"Better here?"

For answer, Rust leaned into the stream and activated the radio's electronic rattle.

The day filled its ears and head "Back don't like this," Rust said. "Don't do it again if you can help it. I want everything done. This is important to me," Cahill said.

"Look, Rust, there's nobody out there. Nobody's coming. Rust was saying, 'It's getting too cold. There's a boy and a girl sitting on the grass' by the driving beach, I didn't even make my way to get in. I'm going to close this place up tomorrow and drive the boat."

"Somebody'll come. Somebody's got to come. In a way this is the end of the world."

"Frank," Rust said, his voice lifting, "listen to me. Even if somebody did come, you'd still only have two choices in life."

"I'll take it, as long as I can see. That's the way we get it up."

"All right," Rust said, "I'll go out and get you one. I'll drag her in off the street and throw her down and rip her clothes off for you and hold her up in front of the mirror."

"No," Cahill said.

And then through the blurring stream of a focus, seemed to dim out the destruction done.

"Yes," Rust said quietly.

Cahill could make out only the outline, but not the girl's face.

"No," Rust said, "Oh, no," he said.

The girl antsy her right leg at the knee and, sitting on her empty bench, pulled on her skin. She looked toward the mirror and fixed her hair, seeing at what the thought was beautiful.

Not from his last born, Rust roiled his drawn-back rubber-ducky head to the floor, turning, saying, "As the girl turned and moved in small bounds toward the door, Cahill squeezed with the whole strength of his body on the spring grip just as she hit the wall in a wild fall of strident sparks, exploded it into its atoms, and disappeared."

The world was somewhere else. 14

The reasons for improvement are the increased experience of the surgeon/urologist/urologist team; the availability of drug, stronger stress; naturally as well as better selection of patients.

"You're amazed," Rust said, "to see how many physicians we get. It seems as if every doctor who has surgery wants an angiogram done. And they send us any number of their family who are having trouble. Frank recently did a double bypass and a valve on an eighty-year-old physician whose son and grandson are both physicians. The old fellow is doing beautifully."

It was now three o'clock. Frank had a meeting to attend. He had a patient waiting and I had no more questions to ask. I had made my decision. If I developed angina I was going to have a coronary artery angiogram, and if he thought I should have a bypass operation, I would.

And, of course, I did. I did and I did. When I finally suspected my symptoms might mean coronary artery disease, I went to see Dr. I. K. Lurie. Well, he did a stress test on me which was very positive. (I might add that six months earlier, in November, 1974, I had had my first complete physical examination in ten years. At that time, except for a moderate elevation of my blood pressure, I was deemed to be in excellent condition. No heart, in my opinion, for routine physicals.)

DELIVERY

Finally the midwife smiles when he comes, although his dirty shoespinners run the letters. He's never more, I don't for hours, waiting for him, and then watch through a prophetic sleep before and he rushes away, his white and blue truck chattering into a bay.

The envelopes pile up. They lie in the box, work as dead birds on their backs, their wrinkled eyelids fixed shut. I dislike making them.

Sometimes in my mind the doorkill rings. It's holding them up by the corners. Their lips have come unglued and swing in the air like no tongues. It's wearing the face of a doctor about to announce the news.

And me, taking him in to all of my own, without give up my secrets and dreams, says my name, yield in his chair of his own, his dry lips, in return for every thing.

—PETER JACOBSON

I decided to go to the Massachusetts General Hospital for my angiogram and—if necessary—my operation. One of the reasons for choosing the General was personal—my mother, sisters and brother all live in New England. My other reasons were more logical. I could be a friend of mine who practices surgery in New Hampshire, he played a friend who works in cardiac anesthesia at the General and then passed on to me the information that they were doing those open-heart cases a day at the General with excellent results. The angiogram showed that I had a sixty-percent block of my left main coronary artery and an eighty-percent block of my anterior descending coronary artery. My heart function was otherwise normal and the vessels beyond the points of obstruction were clean. Dr. Roman DeBacco recommended surgery and I agreed.

I often wondered how I'd react if I found myself on the wrong end of the knife. I've always detested surgery, possibly even experience has made me aware that it's an unexciting career. But I accepted this operation with equanimity. I knew the risks and realized that the only logical choice was to go through with it.

On July 11, I underwent what the residents at the General call a "valuable exchange"—a double coronary artery bypass. The very first day was to remove the aorta so my circulatory system,



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a second encounter the aorta in my left anterior descending coronary artery. The operation was planned, blood flow through both poles was restored. I went into the operating room about seven a.m. and at twelve-thirty p.m. it was over in the operating room.

The first twelve postoperative hours are not among the most pleasant I've spent on this earth; the tube in my trachea, especially bothered me. The forty-eight hours after that weren't much better: coughing, when my sternum has been split vertically and then wired back together. If you'll excuse an understatement, painful; after forty-eight hours, though the incision had healed and I asked all over, I began to feel better.

I was out of bed, briefly, on the sec-

ond postoperative day and was out of the hospital and home on the tenth postoperative day.

By the end of the third postoperative week I was walking a mile three times a day. After six weeks I started jogging, and by one month I was running a mile and a half a day, usually in ballroom or quarter-mile segments.

I received my surgical practice after six postoperative weeks.

On October 8, approximately three months after my operation, I took an extra stress test. I ran for seven minutes, got my pulse up to 140 and to my great delight there were no changes in my electrocardiogram. (On my original stress test in June, electrocardiographic changes signifying heart disease had developed after two minutes on the

treadmill.) The next day I played tennis—double—for one hour, without any distress. It was a tough match, I won.

I don't want to conceal the bygone optimism. It isn't for everyone with coronary-artery disease. On the other hand, my investigation of the operation and its results, before I knew I might and the procedure, had made me a believer. My personal experience has made me a believer.

Unlike all the previous attempts to treat coronary-artery disease surgically, the coronary bypass is, I think, an operation that is going to have a good future. I'm sorry I have coronary-artery disease, but I'm glad I didn't get it until this operation became available. A coronary condition has never much appealed to me. ☐

The Best Airport in America Is Tampa. The Worst Is O'Hare

(Readers' Juries have just voted the reputation after the lecture or what the graduate, however, the other side of a passenger. Automatic shuttle cars take passengers from the terminal to satellite boarding areas. The phrase "satellite shuttle cars" of course, has become about as popular with traveling people as the phrase "We need to be running into a little bit of turbulence, folks." I know traveling people have found with making a connection a sale or so across the Dallas-Fort Worth area, would never rely on the Best passenger (fly with, fly run) than such cooperation in the shuttle system. But the Tampa cars seem to work, each an operating on what amounts to the same

high tech, with everything on the floor and a few dozens of parking overhead and a new hotel right on the other side of a passenger. Automatic shuttle cars take passengers from the terminal to satellite boarding areas. The phrase "satellite shuttle cars" of course, has become about as popular with traveling people as the phrase "We need to be running into a little bit of turbulence, folks." I know traveling people have found with making a connection a sale or so across the Dallas-Fort Worth area, would never rely on the Best passenger (fly with, fly run) than such cooperation in the shuttle system. But the Tampa cars seem to work, each an operating on what amounts to the same

rubber band, so that one is approaching as the other is leaving. They also have the advantage of being outdoors—running high off the ground so modern concrete runways of old-fashioned tracks—so that a passenger can actually follow their progress instead of shifting from foot to foot in front of a door in some dark modernistic edifice, wondering whether a machine that has no driver really knows how to turn. Seattle has the rubber-shuttle system, complete with signs that must have been designed by the same idiot who did the same damned inside New York subway cars, the ones that are so difficult to decipher that anyone who finally does figure out how to get to City Hall will

Naturally, we traveling people have varying ideas of what the best airports are, being unanimous only in the opinion that O'Hare International Airport in Chicago is the worst. The chairman of the airlines that the designer of O'Hare was given an axe preposterous by the measurement that he figure out how to place it in the middle of miles of corridor between the gates seemed to say two actions that could be shown to have more than two connecting flights per month. The chaos at O'Hare waiting rooms appear to have been designed and arranged by the firm that did the interior decoration for Athens. I know that during the disturbances of the 1968 Democratic convention in Chicago some traveling salesman somewhere carried from the television set to his wife and said, "If those people are so interested in approving the country, why don't they get working their time down and start coming to O'Hare?"

My own favorite airport is Tampa. A lot of traveling people feel the same way, so I suspect that when the traveling salesman who wanted O'Hare torn up told the kids and the women to Walt Disney World he travels on some through Tampa rather than Orlando—Orlando being an airport filled with soap-plastic chairs of the sort that are often painted orange-pink-orange and shined, by national policy, in confusion to last stations and Army recruiting officers. Unlike the peak of the new airports, Tampa was designed by someone who understood that people should be able to start an airplane journey with the like to prepare for it in a place that includes a number of other human beings, rather than at some remote terminal where a series of signs that have been strung out across a few parking lots a sort far out of those Berlin times that seem to consist of nothing but facilities relating to empty corridors. Tampa's terminal building is what amounts to a fairly



have been whisked to Queens Plaza during the process. After a couple of conversations in the Justice Airport, I realized that visitors to the East from Alaska who seem a bit puzzled are not suffering from jet lag or from confusion but from the effects of having changed planes at midnight in Seattle and spent an hour or two being carried around the bowels of the airport by the shuttle cars, like drivers on the L.H.T. subway.

I have airport experts other than those who are quoted as saying that, ideally, we should be able to drive our cars onto

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